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The Life and Battles of

JACK SCROGGINS,

The Sailor,

BUT WHOSE REAL NAME IS JOHN PALMER.

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A navigator, known by the appellation of Long Will, fought with Scroggins, near Harrow. It was a desperate battle, and contested with alternate success for a long time, till victory at length, crowned the exertions of our little hero.

At Cowley, near Uxbridge, Scroggins entered the lists with Burke Smith, denominated the second Robin Hood, from his attachment to deer; a man of great activity, and distinguished for his great jumps over the canal. in the hands of Scroggins he was soon glad to acknowledge he was defeated.

Bill Lee, the gipsy, had a desperate set to with Scroggins, before the door of a public-house at Kilburn. The bruising qualities of the Gipsy were well known in the neighbourhood of Paddington; but Scroggins not only nobbed him severely, but also punished his body in such a hammering style, that he hastily relinquished the contest, acknowledging the superiority and goodness of our hero.

By moonlight, at Kilburn, between twelve and one o'clock, on a Friday night, a chap of the name of Blinko, otherwise designated as "No Nose!" had a turn-up with Scroggins, but the severity "No Nose" met with, in the course of a few rounds, induced him to give in. Upon being shown Scroggins the next day, he swore he was not the same man he had fought with, but would fight him for the whole of his week's wages on the next Sunday morning; but, when the time arrived, "No Nose!" was not to be found.

A strong athletic farmer's man, of the name of Bill King, was also beaten by Scroggins, at Sandford-green, near Harrow.

At Appleton, after a very severe battle, Jack Matney surrendered to the conquering arm of Scroggins.

It was owing to the following circumstance, that our Hero was compelled to leave milling on land, to fight the battles of his country at sea, by entering into the Navy. In a row, with one Ellis, a constable, at Sandford-green, the above representative of the law, it appears, felt rather heavily the indignation of Scroggins. In consequence of which turn-up, an application was made to the magistrate, (Dr. Glasse,) when our hero was depicted in such terrible colors, that a press gang of seventeen were considered necessary to convey him in safety out of the neighborhood.

On the point-beach, at Portsmouth, Happy Jack, the terror of the above seaport, so termed from the numerous conquests he had obtained over various Jack Tars, was, in the presence of some thousands, literally cut to pieces, from the severe punishment he had received in combat with Scroggins Happy Jack was thus, for once in his life, made miserable by the above defeat.

In Goree, an herculian black soldier, who was doing duty over some casks of water, not only got milled by Scroggy, but his musket taken from him, for a short time, owing to his ill-naturedly refusing our hero a draught of water, when he was suffering under a most feverish state of thirst.

During the time scroggins was on the Argo, the ship was one continued scene of milling adventures; and, and it should seem when off duty all his leisure time was filled up in boxing.

In the hold of the above ship, James Neale struck his colors to the victorious Scroggins.

Before our hero was suffered to realize the title of the Champion of the Argo, the best men in the ship were pitted against him. Briggins, an able seaman, (and one of those dreadnought characters that never submit till nature is completely exhausted, and who would sooner loose their lives than pronounce the reluctant *No!*) was reduced to a state of insensibility by the punishing arm of Scroggins, and in that state carried to his hammock.

Maples Wright, as good a man as ever stood between stem and stern, was also disposed of on board of the same vessel, with the utmost ease, by Scroggins.

Joe Wittieks, too, as great a glutton as ever nature formed, had several bouts with Scroggins, on board the Argo, but never could rise superior to defeat. Our hardy tar had a turn-up, in December 1817, with Jack Johnson, the Paddington carrier.

The rough and daring Crockey also received a most severe milling, in a room, from Scroggins.

Toogood, a man of color, of first-rate weight, and possessing prodigious strength, had a regular battle with our hero, one Christmas day, on board the Argo. Toogood had also killed at one blow, on shore, a man of the name of Lyons; but, notwithstanding his athletic powers, Scroggins compelled him to strike his colors.

A caulker, a tall, strong, bony man, who came on board the Argo to make some necessary repairs, it seems, presuming on his strength, took off the boiler and placed his frying-pan on the fire, in defiance of the whole mess.—Scroggins, at length, appeared, and took the frying-pan from off the fire. A fight was the immediate consequence; but the caulker was so often floored, met with such severe punishment for his temerity, and laughed at by the whole ship's crew, that out of revenge, he complained to the captain of the conduct of Scroggins, when our hero was compelled to stand and take two dozen lashes, or, in the the sea-phrase, what is called a dry holy stoning!

Scroggins had scarcely set his foot on *terra firma*, when he had a turn-up with two dragoons, before the door of the Prince of Wales, at Woolwich; and, notwithstanding the heavy force and discipline Scroggins had to contend against, our little hero bustled through it with as much true courage, that, in the course of a few minutes, he came off triumphant, having floored both the soldiers with the most apparent ease.

Scroggins's first battle in the ring, after his return from sea, was with Jack Boots, at Wilsdon-green, for one guinea a side. It was a fight without training, and took place entirely from accident. Boots, it seems, had previously talked about fighting our hero, and both of them now meeting, at the above place, to partake of the diversion afforded by Calebs's game bull, they instantly agreed to decide the dispute in question, upon Scroggins observing to Boots, "that he had thought they were as capable of amusing the amateurs as the bull had done!" In consequence of which agreement, the sports of the day closed, unexpectedly, with a regular mill. Upon the bull's quitting the ground, a ring was immediately formed, and Scroggins and Boots, without further preface, set-to. The latter was well-known, from having fought several battles; but Scroggins was a complete stranger to the fighting circles It was a punishing mill for an hour, during which period the pantomimic tricks exhibited by Scroggins occasioned roars of laughter; he, however, displayed all the fortitude of a sailor bent on obtaining victory. Any thing like a system of tactics he appeared to despise, and scramble his way in to mill his adversay: but, notwithstanding this sort of *non-descript* boxing, his hits were so tremendously sent home, that Boots could not resist their desperate effects. The friends of Boots preceiving that he must eventually loose, were about resorting to some manœuvres to prevent Scroggy from proving the conqueror.—This conduct was observed by old Joe Ward, who was standing in a cart viewing the battle; and although he was severely afflicted with the rheumatism in both knees, he hastily jumped out, and made for the ring, where he insisted on fair play being observed between the combatants. Scroggins was, ultimately, declared the victor. The spirited conduct of the latter so much pleazed the amateurs, that four pounds were collected, without any trouble, for him, as a reward for his exertions.

The friends of Scroggins, it should seem, thought, from the above specimen, that he possessed good stuff, and only wanted more practice to distinguish himself among the first-rate milling coves of the day; and, accordingly, Dolly Smith was selected as a game active boxer, and as a good trial-man, for our hero to contend with. At Coombe-warren, on Wednesday, the 11th of January, 1815, they met in a twenty-feet roped ring, for twenty guineas a side. Smith was seconded by Bill Cropley; and Scroggins was attended by Richmond and Oliver.

Smith was well known as a boxer, and considered a good little man, from his distinguished game battle with Hares; but Scroggins was scarcely known to any person connected with the ring. He was viewed by the amateurs as an ambitious adventurer, a rough and daring commoner, opposed to science and experience; and the betting was, in consequence, 5 to 4 upon Smith. The combatants in point of weight were nearly equal. The first round proved a good specimen of the whole fight: but the impetuosity of the "hardy tar" was so overwhelming, that the science of Smith, however well applied, could not prevent its conquering effects. Scroggins's singular mode of attack astonished the spectators: immediately on his receiving a hit from his opponent, he went resolutely in to mill, protecting his head with his left hand over it, like a ship running in to attack a fort under a battery of guns, dealing out terrible punishment with his right hand. He also took the lead and kept it; although he was opposed in the most manly and skilful style of action by Smith, who was not long in darkening one of the peepers of the sailor. Scroggins fought at the body with great ferocity; and had the advantage in an eminent degree in throwing. Smith experienced some severe cross-buttocking, and desperate falls. The latter frequently was out of distance, and hit over instead of punishing his adversary's not It was a most determined battle on both sides, and Smith did not disgrace his character from defeat. The blow of Scroggins were terrible; and he was never off his pins but once durin the battle. It continued three-quarters of an hour; and Smith was severely baten about his head and body.

The milling fame Noworthy had recently acquired among he admirers of pugilism, from his conquest over Dutch Sam, had also reared him an object of envy among thighting men. Scroggins, it seems, was eager to make a dash; he now soared ove all commoners and was extremly anxious to fight the baker, as a conetitor worthy of his ambitious motive. However, some little time elapsed before he was accommodated, when by met on the 6th of June, 1815, at Misey-hurst, for fifty pounds a side. Biber and Gibbons seconded Scrogns; and Cribb and Clark for Noswoy. The amateurs mustered very strongly upon this occasion; and the dead men of the metropolis felt so confident the Master of the Rolls would gain the cause, that, the evening previous to the fight, they sported their blunt with all the facility of bankers, and laid the odds with cheerfulness and alacrity. Nosworthy had won his late battle so apparently easy, that no doubt was entertained by the backers, as to the issue of the contest. At one the men set-to.

Round 1. The notoriety Nosworthy had obtained in conquering the Jew phenomenon created considerable interest among the amateurs, and every eye was upon the stretch, on the above combatants setting-to. A short time elapsed in sparring, when Scroggins made a good hit, but the Baker, in returning, missed his aim. Some heavy milling occurred, when they closed, and both went down. Nosworthy was undermost. Five to 4 on Scroggins.

2. Nosworthy appeared bleeding at the scratch. Determined fighting was the order of this round; and both the men seemed bent upon proving each other's courage. Hit for hit was returned with as much indifference as if their bodies were insensible to feeling; and, although both of them were frequently hit away, they returned to the attack like lions. The rally was dreadful; and Nosworthy was, at length, sent down.

3. It was evident to the spectators that Nosworthy had got enough to do if he made a win of it. No flinching was to be seen on either side; and they stood up to each other like a couple of English bull-dogs. Scroggins took the lead in gallant style, and punished his opponent in the most terrific manner, by planting a hit under Nosworthy's ear, so powerfully, that he went down in a twinkling, and the blood flowing copiously. Nosworthy's importance was now all at an end; and 2 to 1 was offered on Scroggins, without the least hesitation.

4 The game displayed by Nosworthy was equal to any man, but he had received so plentifully, that his strength was somewhat reduced. Another most terrific rally occurred, in which the superiority of Scroggins was manifest to all parts of the ring, and he milled his adversary completely before him till he went down. Three to 1 on Scroggins.

5. Nosworthy fought like a man, but the chance was decidedly against him. Scroggins had it all his own way in this round, and planted his hits with all the success of a first rate fighter.

6. Upon setting-to, Scroggins, with much severity, floored his antagonist. Great applause.

7. Nosworthy, notwithstanding the punishment he had sustained, came to the scratch full of pluck, and made a desperate effort to effect a change in his favour. He with much dexterity put in a tremendous blow upon one of Scroggins's eye-lids; but the latter returned upon him severely, and had the best of the round.

8. The head of Nosworthy seemed an easy mark for Scroggins, who peppered it with the utmost *sang froid*. The Baker was again floored.

9th to 15th and last. The courage of Nosworthy was the admiration of the ring; and he continued to fight till not a shadow of chance remained. He was so severely beaten in the fifteenth round, that, on time being called, he was unable to quit the knee of his second. The battle was over in eighteen minutes.

From the above victory, Scroggins rose rapidly into the notice of the amateurs, and he was considered to be one of the best "little men" of the day.—Scroggins was scarcely known at this time to the scientific circles, and his rumbling mode of fighting so peculiar to himself, not much admired; but still it was thought, in some instances, that he exhibited the prominent traits of the once terrific Hooper—one that would not be denied from boring in upon his adversary at all events. Although Nosworthy was defeated, it was viewed as a most determined battle on both sides. The springing hits of Scroggins were truly tremendous; and covering his head with his left hand, not only prevented him from receiving much punishment at going-in, but gave him additional vigour towards smashing his adversary.

Scroggins, it was urged, had offended several of his patrons, in consequence of his insisting upon the whole of the battle-money of the late fight being given to him, and many of them felt determined, if possible, to select a scientific boxer, that should take the fight out of our hero. Eales was therefore selected, and backed for this special purpose; but the flash side, *i. e.* knowing ones, were much divided in their opinions, previous to the fight between them, respecting their various merits. Two of the most complete adepts in the ring took them under their care or training. The sporting knowledge of Gully renders him, at all times, no mean judge how to select his object, or to lay his money; and Tom Belcher's experience had equally taught him too well to know the value of blunt to give half a chance away: therefore, when Gully selected Scroggins as his favourite, and Belcher preferred Eales as the most competent pugilist towards obtaining the victory, it might not be inaptly observed, that "Greek met Greek," and "then came the tug of war!" The backers, as well as boxers, it was certain, meant to win if possible; and no opportunity was lost sight of whereby this desirable object might be obtained. Scroggins and Eales, by comparison, were not altogether unlike Dutch Sam and Tom Belcher—it was first-rate science against downright ferocity. Eales was armed at all points towards conquest, from a complete knowledge of the milling art, possessing the additional advantages of height and length—great requisites in his favour; while, on the contrary, Scroggins could only be put down as a *non descript* boxer, who disdained copying the mode of any pugilist, and fought after his own method—if method it could be termed. On Saturday, August 26, 1815, near the George at Kingston-hill, contiguous to Coombe-warren, this interesting match to the pugilistic amateurs was decided. At an early period in the morning, the various roads leading to the scene of action were crowded beyond description. All sorts of vehicles were so close upon each other, as to be out of any calculation; and pedestrians, numerous beyond any former precedent. A great many high personages appeared on the turf, among whom Earl Yarmouth, Lord Fife, Hon. B. Craven, &c. were conspicuous. A few minutes before one the men entered the ring, attended by their seconds. Tom Belcher and Harmer for Eales; and Joe Ward and Oliver for Scroggins. The spectators were struck with the great contrast between the size of the combatants. Joe Ward tied the colours of the sailor, "true blue," to the stakes, as a token of defiance; and Belcher tied the yellow handkerchief, as the colours of Eales. Both of the men looked well and confident: the ceremony of shaking hands being complied with, the set-to immediately commenced.

Round 1. From the scientific pretensions to milling Eales was known to possess, in his prime contest with Jack Lancaster, it was generally expected the first round would clearly point out his superiority over his hardy opponent, added to the advantages of Eales being some inches taller than Scroggins. The latter, however, with all the heroism of a British tar, boldly attacked the enemy, regardless of fear, and confident that the cheering sounds of victory would ultimately crown his exertions. The display of Eales, although more scientific than effective, was nevertheless much admired, and Scroggins, equally anxious to commence the fight favourably on his side, exhibited some degree of caution. The former made some hits, but all out of distance; when Scroggins put in, with much severity, a well-directed blow under the left ear of his opponent, and, in closing threw him. The odds looked rather queer, and Scroggins was pronounced the favourite.

2. This round was decisively in favor of Scroggins, who exchanged blows with his opponent in the most gallant style of courage, till Eales was, at length, floored.

3. Both the combatants were now alive to the interest of the scene in which they were engaged. A good rally occurred, and they returned upon each other liberally in the extreme, till Eales went down.

4. This was altogether a severe round. If Scroggins planted some severe blows upon the frame of his antagonist, Eales returned punishment with equal courage; but the strength was evident upon the part of Scroggins, who appeared merely getting into work; while Eales, on the contrary, showed symptoms of a weak constitution, and fought till he again went down.

5. Eales, notwithstanding his superior science, could not make that sort of impression upon his opponent, so much hitherto expected by his friends as a leading point towards victory. He, however, put in some heavy blows, but the hardy tar was not a degree behind hand in returning, and kept up a most spirited charge, till his opponent went down.

6. The strength of Eales did not keep pace with his judgment; but he, nevertheless, evinced good bottom. This was a sort of pantomimic round altogether between the combatants, and it appeared as if harlequin and the clown were exhibiting their antics all round the ring. Eales exerted his best skill to obtain a favourable turn, and a terrific rally ensued; but, in closing, the singularity of conduct portrayed by Scroggins excited roars of laughter; in throwing Eales he went down, and then rolled over and over from his adversary till he rose upon his legs with all the caricature of a merryman. Eales displayed weakness; and the odds were 5 to 1 on Scroggins.

7. The combatants soon fought their way into a sharp rally, and the science of Eales prevailed to a certain extent, till Scroggins went down. Applause.

8. A little discretion seemed necessary on both sides, and some sparring occurred before a hit was made. Scroggins bobbed his head down to avoid the threatened blows of his opponent, but returned fighting hand over head. The punishment was severe in this round, but reciprocal; however, Scroggins went down.

9. The combatants attacked each other with the most determined resolution, and any thing like stopping was out of the question, till they both found themselves upon the ground. Eales could not lay claim to any advantage; neither had Scroggins the worst of it.

10. Another equally desperate round followed, and a tremendous rally took place. The blows on both sides did great execution; and punishment, without stopping, was truly conspicuous.

11. Eales, notwithstanding the exertion of the last round, came up to the scratch with considerable spirit, and showed off in such good style upon his opponent, that Scroggins again dropped his nob to escape the milling intended for him.

12. The science of Eales was exhibited to great advantage, and Scroggins's upper works seemed under the direction of a chancery practitioner, till he was sent under the ropes. This round was contested with much resolution on both sides.

13. Eales again tried the chancery suit with some success, by planting three severe hits on the nob of Scroggins; but the latter, determined not to be deficient in this part of the practice, most liberally returned the favours which had been best owed upon him, and also concluded the round by cross-buttocking his antagonist.

14. The spectators now perceived that Scroggins was too much for Eales, as the strength of the latter was evidently on the decline every round.—Scroggins, with much severity, punished Eales in all directions, and gave him three heavy hits on his nob, stomach, and neck. In closing, both down, but Scroggy fell upon Eales with velocity enough to send the wind out of his body. Seven to 1 on Scroggins.

15. The advantages of strength appeared completely on the side of Scroggins, who came up to the scratch smiling with confidence, that he had little more to perform, in order to render victory certain. Eales, although weak, fought with much spirit, and contested every inch of ground in a sharp rally, till Scroggins again threw and fell upon him.

16. Eales endeavoured to gain time by cautious sparring, but Scroggins fought his way pell mell into a sharp rally, and adopted the same mode as in the two preceding rounds, by tripping up his adversary, then falling upon him, to deprive Eales of what little wind he had left.

17. From the terrible heat of the sun, and the severe punishment both the combatants had experienced, it did not excite any degree of surprise to see them both brought to the scratch in an exhausted state. The little hardy tar, who had so often braved the various changes of climate, seemed, of the two, the least affected by the scorching rays that now pressed so heavily upon their persons, commenced fighting with great spirit. In closing, he peppered Eales considerably, and then cross buttocked him. From this severe touch, it was expected Eales would not be able to meet his man any more; and the poundage was offered, that Scroggins was the winning man.

18. Eales, although much exhausted, again opposed his opponent, but the chance was decidedly against him, and Scroggins threw him as before. Any odds, but no takers.

19 The fight was nearly taken out of Eales, and it might be urged, that he was almost at the mercy of his antagonist. He was again thrown.

20. Eales tottered up to the scratch; but Scroggins gave him another cross-buttock with as much ease as if a child had been opposed to his strength.

21. The strength of Eales was quite reduced as to effective punishment; but he, nevertheless, evinced good bottom, and did more than might have been expected, from one so nearly beaten. Scroggins laid himself open, but Eales was too weak to turn it to account. In falling, Scroggins went down upon him.

22. It was now a horse to a hen, and Scroggins threw his man with the most apparent ease.

23 and last. Eales, to the astonishment of the spectators, once more appeared at the mark; but it was all up with him, and, by way of a quietus, Scroggins put in so tremendous a hit under the right ear of Eales, that he was floored like a shot. He could not come again, and the battle lasted 22 minutes.

Scroggins, in defeating a scientific boxer like Eales, completely astonished every amateur present, and it was singular to observe the severity of his blows, and the punishment he administered to his opponent, although a man four inches taller than himself. The former little hero was confidence itself; and, it seems, he assured his friends, previous to the battle, that he would win it and nothing else. As an infighter, Eales had decidedly the best of his opponent; but his distances were so incorrect, at times in out-fighting, that numerous blows were thrown away. Some of the partisans of Eales attributed his loss to a severe hurt he received on the back part of his head, in falling violently against one of the stakes of the ring; but the general opinion was, a want of stamina to resist the finishing qualities of his antagonist. Eales was also the heaviest man, weighing 11 stone and ½ lb. The bets never varied after the commencement of the fight, and Scroggins was the favourite throughout. It was altogether a sharp contest; but a great deal of time was consumed in struggling to obtain the advantage in throwing. Notwithstanding the great superiority Eales had in standing over his opponent, united with his first-rate science, he could not prevent Scroggins from going in. The admirers of fine science were much disappointed at the defeat of Eales.

From the success Scroggins met with in his boxing career, and the numerous patrons of the art who rallied round him, he was enabled to commence publican; and he accordingly opened the Waterman's Arms, at Stangate, Lambeth, for the reception of the sporting world. His house in summer-time was pleasantly and attractively situated, commanding a view across the Thames, also a part of the venerable Abbey, and Westminister-Hall; and the name of John Scroggins, in large letters, at the top of the premises, might be seen from the other side of the river, operating as an inducement not only to sporting characters, but to many an old shipmate of the Argo, on catching a glimpse at it, to call and give our hero a friendly turn. He did not want for company of every description—peers and costermongers all contributed to make the pot boil; and, though Scroggy could not boast of the eloquence of a Cicero, yet he never suffered any of his customers to depart without receiving a ready answer. "Life," in a variety of shapes, was to be seen under the roof of this little caterer for the public.

Melancholy is the nurse of frenzy,
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play
And frame your mind for mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

In the more remote parts of his dwelling, the "saloon" was not of the least importance in the picture. In ruder hands it was merely a skittle-ground but, under the taste and judgment displayed by Scroggy, it assumed a new and prominent feature: a gallery was now added to it, in addition to its being boarded over for the accommodation of spectators, and embellished with chandeliers to illumine the scene. Every Tuesday night it was opened as a school for the art of self-defence; and here this remnant of the Olympic Games was conducted after the true characteristic spirit of milling to overflowing audiences. Scroggins himself usually appeared as a first-rate actor, assisted by several other professionals, in most of these performances, to explain and render the art attainable, or, in other words, to beat it into the craniums of his auditors; and here many a novice has been floored for his temerity, by way of initiation, as a sort of preparatory step to a better acquaintance with the practice and use of the gloves.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOW TO BUY A HORSE.

BY AN AMATEUR.

[CONTINUED.]

The position of the hind-legs should be either straight from the hock downwards, or a little inclining under the belly. Horses of this latter formation are commonly low-rumped, and throw their hind-legs well under them when at work. The toe of the cat-hammed horse will naturally turn a little outwards. Such horses, as I have already said, provided they have no other serious faults, are to be tried. A horse that *paddles* with his hind-legs, throwing them away from him like a duck, in his trot, is usually weak behind, and moreover feels so to his rider, than which nothing can be more disagreeable. If a horse stand with his hind-legs much under him, dropping his hind-quarters at the same time, care must be taken to examine if he have any disease of the back or kidneys, which may occasion him to assume this posture. Many a horse that throws his hind-legs perfectly well under him in his trot while being run in hand, will lose this action when saddled and ridden, provided he have a sore back; therefore a cure for his bad style of going.—*Sublata causa tollitur effectus.*

In examining these points, more particularly those which relate to the legs, never allow the horse to be held up by the bridle or to stand on rising ground. A dealer's man, when showing a horse, invariably throws the snaffle and curb reins over his head, and holding him back with the latter, while with a long whip he touches him up behind according to his mettle, causes him to hold his head so high that he scarcely perceives where he shall place his feet; the consequence is, that he both bends the knee more and throws the foot farther than he will do in his usual style of going; and when brought to a stand on rising ground, his head, still carried high, makes him advance the fore-legs so as to conceal any knuckling of the knees or pastern-joints, and gives many a perfectly groggy beast an appearance of freshness to which his legs have long been strangers. I shall have occasion to speak of the practices of the lower class of dealers in horses in a future paper, when these and many other tricks calculated to take in the unwary shall be exposed. In the meantime I may state, that, when an examination of a horse's leg is to be made, he should be placed on perfectly level ground, with his head loose, and his feet should be picked clean, for if much dirt be collected within the shoe, it may cause a sound horse to stand upon the toe more than the heel, and give him an appearance of weakness about the pasterns and knees which he does not really possess.

ON THE DEFECTS OF HORSES.

The defects of horses are so very numerous that it would be almost a hopeless task to endeavor to enumerate them all; nevertheless those which are most commonly met with shall receive due consideration from me; and I hope to be able to point out to those about to purchase a horse, such as immediately interfere with his work, or are likely to render him comparatively useless.—There are many very serious defects in horses which unfortunately are only discovered after considerable trial, and are therefore generally detected too late to save the pocket from depletion. It is a very usual custom with dealers to allow a purchaser to ride a horse only a few times up and down a livery-yard prior to buying him, or, if he be intended for harness, to send a man up and down two or three streets, after which he is returned to his stable as quickly as possible, and the dealer's oratory completes the business in a short time if he have to do with a novice.

Considering the risks which dealers themselves run in buying horses, we can be very little surprised that they should give no greater trial to another than is allowed to themselves. "Buy the devil and sell him again," is the dealer's adage, and he who is unlucky enough to obtain his Satanic Majesty gets rid of him in the best way he can, and leaves the new possessor to shift for himself. A man who is in the habit of purchasing horses will very soon, and with a very moderate trial, acquire knowledge and tact sufficient to estimate in almost all cases, the real value of a horse, provided he be neither a racer nor a steeple-chaser. Nevertheless the very best judges may sometimes be imposed on, if not with regard to the soundness, at least with respect to the powers and constitution of a horse.

In enumerating the defects to which the horse is liable, I shall begin with those which constitute unsoundness, and shall afterwards proceed to examine those, which, although detracting certainly from his value, are not of sufficient magnitude to allow a purchaser to return him as diseased.

The first part to be examined in a horse is the top of the head; for in this part there occasionally exists a disease called *Poll Evil*, which is generally occasioned by blows, either received from a brutal rider in the constant habit of striking his horse over the head, or from hitting this part against the roof of a low stable or the top of a stable door. In the first stage there may be swelling, tenderness, and perhaps a collection of matter, but at a more advanced period of the disease there are open sores, from which exudes a fetid discharge. These sores not unfrequently are connected with disease of some portion of bone, in which case they are exceedingly troublesome and tedious of cure.

The next part to be examined with regard to soundness is the eye. For this purpose let the horse be led just within the stable door, where there is not too strong a light, but still sufficient to allow a perfect view of the organ without causing the pupil to contract. Approach your finger gently towards each eye in succession, and mark if the horse close his eyelid on your nearly touching his eye; if so, it is at least clear that he is capable of distinguishing your finger; but this is by no means sufficient to warrant a conclusion that the eye is sound. The pupil of the eye is the dark-colored central portion, of an oval shape, through which the rays of light are admitted. The remaining external portion (called the cornea) is opaque, and consequently need not be examined with the same scrupulous attention that is requisite on inspecting the pupil. It is of very great importance to acquire an accurate knowledge of the natural state of a horse's eye, more especially if he be intended for saddle-work, since it is obvious that, however sound he may be in every other respect, and however good his action, he never can be trusted to himself on the road if his eyes be defective to any great extent, and of course must be useless as a hunter.—Moreover, if ever destined for harness, for which alone a horse with bad eyes can be used with any degree of safety, it is of consequence to be able to detect disease of those organs in order not to be imposed on in price. Stand, therefore, before the horse after testing his eyes with your finger, and look narrowly whether the size of both pupils be alike. If there is any difference, be sure that there is a defect in his sight. The form of the healthy pupil is a rather-flattened oval, and appears of a deep blue color, but at the same time bright and free from specks. When it is of a milky hue, it is a sign that inflammation of the membrane of the eye is going on; and although this in very many instances may arise from some trifling cause, and may be easily cured by depletion, still never purchase a horse with this appearance of the pupil without previous knowledge of him, or a certainty of the cause of opacity or cloudy state of the eye, and of its likelihood of removal. Many horses are periodically subject to this attack of inflammation of the conjunctiva, or membrane covering the eye, and commonly, even while the eye is free from any visible complaint, have a drooping of the upper eyelid, which should always put a purchaser on his guard. In this disease there are generally to be found marks of bleeding in the vein under the eye. The eyelids are sometimes nearly closed during this milky appearance of the pupil, and tears trickle profusely from it, so that it must be evident to the greatest novice in horse-dealing that something is wrong: but the stableman and his master are never at fault for an excuse: "A bit of hay got in his eye last night, Sir," or "D—n your eyes, Bill, I knew you'd hit that horse's eye when you were brushing his head this morning—I told you so;" after which follows, as a matter of course, "It is of no consequence, Sir, it will be well enough to-morrow." Now it is of no use to argue with a horse-dealer, and you will gain little by asking many questions; therefore either make up your mind to have nothing whatever to do with the animal, or else say you will call and see him another day. And here I may as well say, that a man who is a good judge of horse-flesh should always make up his mind not to pay the slightest attention to the encomiums which every dealer will pass upon his stock. Let all his eloquence, if it must be heard, make no more impression on your mind than do the tunes which you are in the daily habit of hearing ground upon all the organs in town. Form your own opinion by what you see and feel, and let no persuasion tempt you to disbelieve the evidences of your own senses. This by way of episode.

Now to return to the eye of the horse. Having satisfied yourself that the pupils are alike in form and size, and uncloud ed, look if there be any specks visible upon either. Some horses will be found to have several dark and irregularly-shaped spots upon the pupil, which are the product of disease, impede vision, and render a horse unsafe to ride.—Others again will be found to have perhaps one little whitish spot on the membrane of the pupil, and this is probably the effect of a blow received at some period or another; if very small it will seldom prove of much consequence.—But this whitish spot on the surface of the pupil must be carefully distinguished from a similar appearance, in its commencement very minute, which is not unfrequently found to occupy the internal part of the pupil. Where this exists, indicates that change in the lens of the eye termed cataract, and is an incurable disease. Take care, however, that you be not deceived with regard to this white spot by the reflection of your shirt in the horse's eye—a mistake I have seen occur more than once, and which may be avoided by moving from side to side, and watching if the supposed cataract follow the motions of your body.

There is yet another disease of the eye which produces no perceptible outward change in its appearance, but which nevertheless is both an incurable complaint and one that renders a horse totally useless for the saddle: it is called moon-blindness, and generally depends on disease of the optic nerve, although I am by no means sure that it may not be occasioned by the same causes that produce short-sightedness in the human eye. To detect this, observe if the horse, on being ridden, turn suddenly round from any object which is approaching him, and appear constantly on the alert to find some subject for fright. A horse that has long been shut up in a stable, particularly if it be dark, or that has for some time been only exercised in a livery-yard, may do this on being taken into the streets; and a young horse from the country will also see much to alarm him in the city, especially if he be naturally timid; therefore some allowance must be made for these circumstances: but if a horse, on being led out of or into a livery-yard where the entrance is lofty, appear to stop and hesitate in passing the gate, and then go through it with a sort of plunge; and if in the streets he stretch his neck from side to side, poking his nose out, and seeming, like a purblind man, to be endeavoring to make out the nature of objects at a short distance from him, let your suspicions of the state of his eyes be immediately aroused, and be sure to have a very sufficient trial before you become the purchaser of such an animal.

The common name among dealers for horses with any complaint whatever of the eyes is buck-eyed, and this convenient term embraces the whole range of diseases of which the eye is susceptible. It is as well that the novice should be made acquainted with the terms in common use among the dealing fraternity, otherwise such a one as buck eyed might very probably be supposed to be employed as implying a good rather than a bad quality.

A yellowish hue of the cornea indicates disease of the liver. Where this is remarked, the lips should be turned up, and their interior examined. Where they are found of a similar tinge, you will incur a great risk in buying the horse, as these symptoms are sure proofs of internal disease, the extent of which you are not capable of determining. Dealers term these horses rotten. Their coats are generally staring, and they have also the other usual appearances of want of condition. The dung of such horses is either unusually slimy and fetid, or it is loose and washy, like that of a cow. They are languid and sleepy if left to themselves, but are of course, through the influence of ginger administered *a la mode*, salt put into their mouths, and the liberal application of the whip whenever the master enters the stable, made to cock their tails, champ their bit, and exhibit as much animation for a short time as the soundest and best-constitutioned horse in the world. "He is the best horse in England, Sir, an unkimmon jumper, and as fast as a rally-road: his master would not take any money for him, Sir, but he is obliged to go abroad, and will almost give him away," should bring to mind the old line,

Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.

Ere I conclude the subject of the eye of a horse, I should remark that the fringe-like substance which hangs from the upper part of the pupil is a natural appearance common to every sound eye, and must not be confounded with the spots of which I have made mention.

Too great caution cannot be used in inspecting a horse's eye previously to purchasing him, for without good sight he is worth but very little money, and the sooner he is got rid of the better for his owner. I once purchased a very fine grey horse of a dealer, and the only fault I could find with him was his unwillingness to pass through the gateway of his yard, which was in Tottenham Court Road. However, he was ridden up and down a little street at the back of his stables, and went extremely well, his action being remarkable showy, as it usually is with horses who have defective vision. I expressed my conviction that his eyes were bad, although to appearance they were perfectly sound. However, as I had paid money for another horse which turned out lame, and wanted to get something else for my bad bargain, I allowed the swearing of the dealer and his men as to his soundness to prevail, and rode him away. I went no farther with him, however, than the Regent's Park, he having in that short distance turned round with me about twenty times on the approach of a carriage or chaise, and made me fight as many battles with him before I could make him go the way I wished. I kept the horse in my possession altogether about a quarter of an hour; for, being thoroughly convinced of his unsoundness, I rode him immediately back, and exchanged him for a little weedy four-year-old filly, worth about one-fourth of the horse's value had his eyes been good, but much more serviceable than he was in his moon-blind state.—As this was the fourth horse I had had in exchange of the same man, and had found myself a loser by every dealing I had with him, I determined to do the best I could with the filly, instead of losing any more money by bargaining with a rogue. A horse-dealer who has once fingered your cash will never refund; and depend upon it you may exchange with him a dozen times, and each time you will pay money for a fresh horse, without finding yourself a bit better suited than at first, unless the sum you pay be considerable. Thus, a gentleman who makes up his mind to give £40 for a nag, and no more, goes to one of these tricky dealers, buys a horse worth perhaps £20, finds it does not suit him, and gives £5 more for another to which he takes a fancy.—Discovering after a short trial that his last purchase is something worse than the first, he returns, expostulates, pays more money, and is as badly mounted as ever. At length, wearied by successive impositions, he is contented to put up with a screw of little value, and finds that he has been gradually led on to pay £14 or £20 more than the sum he had first resolved on giving, for a horse with which he is, after all, far from being pleased; and, worse than all, there is no remedy for his disappointment but patience and the exercise of his philosophy, if he have any.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Self-Trained Horses.

When a colt is weaned and turned out, it has of course a shed or stable to lie and feed in. By making a slight fence about the hight of the colt's knees, a few yards from the door, you compel him to walk over to get to his corn.—When he is quite used to this raise the fence six inches. This will make him rear up and get his fore legs over, his hind legs after him. When he does this freely, raise the fence still higher, till he is obliged to make a good standing leap over it every time he goes in.—when he is perfect at this, which he will be in the course of a month, then dig a ditch, and throw up a bank with the earth instead of a rail, and he will first walk into the ditch, and then get his fore legs on the bank, but in a day or two he will quietly jump on the bank. After being perfect in this, have another ditch on the other side of the bank and he will jump on and off in a few days as well as any hunter. The writer has a thorough-bred colt, only nine months old, which is as perfect at all sorts of fence as the best hunter.—*Diary of a Huntsman.*

THE SCHOOLMASTER asked poor Tam, the idiot, how long a man could live without brains? Tam laying hold of the dominie's button, and gazing for a few moments in his face, replied, "How long hae ye lived, dominie?"

The New York Clipper,

A WEEKLY SPORTING PAPER,

DEVOTED TO

THE RING, THE TURF, YACHTING, PEDESTRIANISM, CRICKET, ROWING MATCHES, THEATRICALS, MUSIC,

And the various sports of the

OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.

THE CLIPPER is published every Thursday morning, and is for sale by the news dealers in New York, Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, Jersey City, &c., at the low price of 3 cents per copy.

Reports of Races, Prize Fights, and sporting items of all kinds will be gladly received from correspondents, and inserted gratuitously in the columns of the CLIPPER.

Full reports of every sporting affair of interest, in this or the old country, will be always found in the CLIPPER, and extensive arrangements will be made to procure such domestic information as cannot be found in any other journal.

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NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1854.

Harrison Trent, PROPRIETOR. } Frank Queen, EDITOR.

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Answers to Correspondents.

Publicolo.—1. John Morrissey was not born in this country. 2. We do not know for certain, but we have understood that Hyer offered to fight Morrissey at the odds of $10,000 to $8,000. The proposition was declined by Morrissey. 3. As we have before stated, the origin of the present difficulty between Morrissey and Hyer is to be attributed to the manner in which Thompson, the trainer of Hyer, was treated in his fight with Morrissey in California. Morrissey thinks he has not been treated right by Hyer withholding certain money won by M. in his fight with Sullivan. We think Hyer is in fault in this respect.

Play Time, Philadelphia.—Thank you: inserted elsewhere.

ABOUT THE PUP: *M. Y. H. to Americus.*—One of our southern subscribers says he will be in New York about the 10th or 15th of October, when he would like to purchase such a pup as "Americus" advertised in this column a few weeks since. Price no object, if the pup suits. "Americus" will please send us his address, as we have lost it.

Tiger, Baltimore.—Bill Poole's house is at the corner of Broadway and Howard street.

W. R—Harry Broome, we suppose, is now looked upon as Champion of England—the Tipton Slasher having refused to meet Paddock to contest the point.

Americus to Down East.—I can manage to have the pup kept in the country two months, if you wish the sale to become *bona fide*, and will send your address.

John Grant, Boston.—Blackwood forfeited $50 to Taylor, but offered to renew the match. We have not learned, however, that Taylor accepted.

Old Ped, Philadelphia,—Boyd walked 6¼ miles in 58 minutes, 12 seconds, at Saratoga, in 1849.

Englishman.—"Your correspondent, *Flints*, seems to think that a man on skates would not be able to keep his feet while going at the rate of 30 miles an hour. Though I have never witnessed this feat performed, yet I have heard from good authority that it has actually been done in England." If any of our English friends have witnessed such a performance, they would oblige us by giving the particulars.

Jackson.—The fight between Broome and Orme, for the Championship, took place on the 18th of April, 1853. Broome has not fought since.

Eclipse.—1. Flora Temple trotted a two mile heat, under the saddle, in 4:59, on the 19th of July, 1853. 2. Tacony trotted a mile in 2:25½, under the saddle. A second mile was trotted in the same time.

Perkins & Co., Albany.—There are several places in this city where dog-fights take place.

B. T. T.—Johnny Walker is still in England, we believe. His disgraceful conduct has brought him to a complete stand-still in the sporting world.

Spider.—If you desire a teacher who will take pains in instilling the principles of the Manly Art into you, consult Molyneux, of Brooklyn. He has the theory, as well as the practice of the science.

Ignoramus.—Get "Youatt on the Horse."

J. C. H, Baltimore.—You are correct: we are the individual. Thanks for your epistle—being crowded, we were compelled to cut it down. Will be happy to hear from you again, and will have more room for you hereafter. Where did you reside "at home?"

Buckskin Boy, Brooklyn.—You can obtain the work from Abbe & Yates.

Crowded Out.

Owing to the length of the report of the fight between Massey and M'Nulty, much interesting domestic matter has been crowded out.

Letter from Yankee Sullivan.

We received the following letter from Yankee Sullivan, on Wednesday last, too late, however, for our last week's issue.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 1st., '54.

To the Editor of the New-York Clipper:

SIR:—In looking over your valuable journal, I noticed about Mr. Wm. Poole chastising this would-be fighting man, for having dared to insult him. He says he was mobbed, but I know that Poole is too honorable a man to act foul with such a man as him. Morrissey forgets when he came up behind me in the Gem, and tried to bite my hand off, and called me an Irish ——. I own I am Irish, and it is the greatest honor I have got, and if he was such an Irishman, he would never bite a man. He will answer for a —— better than anything I can think of. I am glad to hear that my friend Hyer did not underrate me so much as to make a match with this big wooden man.

Yours,

JAMES *alias* YANKEE SULLIVAN.
Gibralter Hotel,
San Francisco, California.

Hand Ball.

EXCITING GAME AT PHILADELPHIA.

A game of Hand Ball took place at the Ball Court, No. 78 George street, Philadelphia, on the 6th Sept., between Mr. Brown and Mr. Coile. Mr. Green was appointed game keeper. The game was three out of five, twenty-one eases each game. Mr. Brown gained the toss for first hand. The following is the result of the play:

FIRST GAME.

Mr. B. marked		Mr. C. marked	
1	0	2	4
3	3	4	3
5	0	6	8
7	2	8	0
9	1	10	0
11	0	12	5
13	3	14	0
15	2	16	1
B. total	11	C. total	21

C. winning first game.

SECOND GAME.

Brown—total.....15 Coile—total.....21
Coile winning.

THIRD GAME.

Brown—total.....19 Coile—total.....19
This was a tie game, and was played over, for 7.
Brown made.....7 Coile.....4
B. winning 3d game.

FOURTH GAME.

Brown—total.....21 Coile—total.....7
Brown winning.

FIFTH GAME.

Brown—total.....21 Coile—total.....17
Brown winning this game and the match.

Jumping.

Providence, Sept. 26.

MR. EDITOR—I have never noticed anything in your valuable paper about jumping. Are there any matches ever jumped in this country?

How far, in a single jump, with dumb bells, have you seen jumped?

Yours, truly,
DUMB BELL.

Jumping is not much practised in this country. We have never witnessed a regular jumping match. Perhaps some of our friends can give us some information as to this matter.

Alas! All is Vanity.

Those gentlemen who in the early part of last Spring made such earnest protestations of what they intended to do to reform the abuses of the Turf, by organizing a Jockey Club, and forming a New Race Course in this vicinity will now have time to look upon the past, and see the utter folly of the course they persisted in pursuing. They commenced with exorbitant prices—we advised them that ruin would be the eventual result; but they knew the public mind better than we did, and they continued their high prices. As we predicted, the whole thing has proved a failure—and has entailed a heavy loss upon the parties interested. This will doubtless have a salutary effect hereafter, in deterring others, into whose hands the Course may fall, from pursuing a like erroneous plan of operation.

The Championship of England.

By reference to another column it will be seen that there are several aspirants for the honor of being considered the "Champion of England." Harry Broome, the Tipton Slasher, and Tom Paddock, are already in the field, and probably others will soon enter the list.

Massey and McNulty.

In another part of our paper will be found a full report of this great battle between Massey and McNulty. A more exciting contest has not taken place in "Merrie England" for many a day.

Old Wrestlers.

The editor of the *New London Chronicle* says he lately conversed with a gentleman 100 years of age, named JAMES DOUGLASS. He was recently from New Haven, where he *challenged another old boy of 102 years to wrestle with him, but the fellow backed out!*

From San Francisco in 12 Days.

We mentioned, a week or two since, that a man in San Francisco had laid a wager to ride from that city to Fort Independence (Mo.) in twelve days. It appears that he started, but brought up shortly after in the Sonora county jail. Having stolen a revolver from a miner, he was arrested, convicted, and "put in."

☞ We have been compelled to omit many articles this week, in order to give place to the full report of Massey and McNulty's Great Battle.

Correspondents will therefore excuse us for our seeming inattention. We hope to get all in next week.

Heavy Loss.

We understand that the projectors and Proprietors of the National Race Course, on Long Island, have lost nearly $100,000 by the operation. This is a severe loss, and the greater part, we believe, falls on one individual.

PEDESTRIANISM.

Pat Gordon and Jack Williams.

The second deposit, making $25 a side, was deposited in our hands on Friday last, in the match between Gordon and Williams to run a half mile race for $100 a side.

The race will be a spirited one, we have no doubt, and will attract a large concourse of spectators to the Union Course, on the 16th inst., as both men have hosts of friends who will rally round their favorites.

That all may have an opportunity of witnessing this race, we understand that no admittance will be charged to enter the Course. This is a good move, and we hope will prompt others to a similar course hereafter.

Pedestrians' Benefit.

Why cannot our pedestrian friends join, and get up a good day's sport on one of the Long Island tracks. Get up races of ¼, 1, 3, 5 and 10 miles—hurdle leaping—sack races—blind bell races—and various other pedestrian sports. An immense audience would gather to see such a variety of sports, and an affair of this kind would be the means of making pedestrians better acquainted with each other, and of giving an impetus to sports of this kind that would be felt by all hereafter. Those who are favorably disposed towards this suggestion, might address us a line, so that we can judge how many would join.

Good Walking.

On Saturday, 23d ult., Barlow, the pedestrian, walked from Utica to Black River Falls, a distance of 40 miles, in 8 hours. He was encumbered with a heavy carpet bag and contents, which, in some degree, retarded his movements. Taking all into consideration, we should say this was an extraordinary performance.

PIGEON SHOOTING.

Match in New Jersey.

A match came off on the 21st ult., in a field adjoining Mr. T. Day's hotel, on the Hoboken and Hackensack Plank road. The prize being a splendid embossed silver cup, which was presented by the proprietor of the house to the best shot among a number of twelve, who contended for it.

The shooting was good, as will be seen by a glance at the subjoined score. Each competitor had 10 birds, 21 yards rise, 1¼ oz. shot for the charge, and the bounds 80 yards from the trap. Mr. David Gow acting as Judge.

	Shot at.	Killed.	Missed.
Mr. Tonley	10	7	3
Mr. Blovelt	10	5	5
Mr. Mills	10	7	3
Mr. Ludlow	10	7	3
Mr. Lyon	10	9	1
Mr. Hughes	10	8	2
Mr. Ketcham	10	6	4
Mr. Brewster	10	4	6
Mr. Brewster	10	4	6
Mr. Wandle	10	6	4
Mr. Carling	10	7	3
Mr. Blovelt	10	4	6

Mr. Lyon of New York, it will be seen, was victorious on this, as on the previous occasion.

Pigeon Shooting.

Permit a lover of the above sport, and a circle of his acquaintances, to enquire in what way we are to find out when and where the Pigeon Matches, whose result we constantly see published, take place. We ourselves take some of the city papers, and the CLIPPER every week, yet we look in vain in its columns for expected matches, although always informed in it of the result. Will you be kind enough to pass the hint to those interested in drawing company to such scenes, and oblige a READER.

Those persons whose interest it is to make known the places where Pigeon Shooting Matches are to take place, are evidently too tender about the region of the pocket; they dare not expend a few dollars in advertising, for fear that "it won't pay," as we have heard some of them say. Such "old fogies" should not have any thing to do with sporting affairs—they are behind the age. *Advertising will pay*, and as a proof of it we recommend interested ones to try it once.

SPARRING.

A Great Sparring Exhibition.

A Grand Sparring Exhibition, for the benefit of Denny McGuire, an old sporter, took place on Tuesday evening last, at Military Head Qnarters, 22 White street. Although the admission was 50 cents, the room was well filled. Some of the old pugilists were on hand, among whom we noticed Dick Sauce, Tom Davis, who defeated Hammer Lane in the last battle he fought, George Kensett, Dublin Tricks, Izzy Lazarus, Awful Gardner, and others. The sparring was of the best, and pleased the audience greatly. Everything was conducted in a quiet and orderly manner. The wind-up was between Dick Sauce and Leese, and was a rare exhibition of science and skill; proving that both men are possessed of fine abilities in the Art of Self Defence.

Dick Sauce is one of the best sparrers we ever witnessed set-to. It was mainly through the attentions and instruction of this gentleman that the big gun, Tom Hyer, was brought out. He was loudly applauded at the above exhibition.

Sparring in Boston.

A large company assembled at the National Varieties, Boston, a few evenings since, on the occasion of a Sparring Exhibition for the benefit of Wm. Blackwood, who was lately matched to fight J. E. Taylor. Mr. W. G. Taylor and others assisted in making the entertainment extremely pleasing to the audience, which was very large. W. G. Taylor has a benefit at one of the Boston Theatres on Saturday evening, Oct. 7th

THE TURF.

New Proprietors.

It is rumored that Messrs Handford are to become Proprietors of the National Course, and will soon have it opened to the public. By judicious management—low rates of admission—no old fogyism, no aristocratic pretensions, the National will, in all probability, prove highly remunerative. We shall watch with interest the progress of events at this track.

Highland Maid and Ed. Eddy.

The match for $2,000 between Highland Maid and Ed. Eddy, which was announced to take place on the Centreville Course, L. I., on Tuesday last, did not come off, it having been postponed on account of the weather, until the first fair day.

CENTERVILLE COURSE, L. I.—TROTTING.

Two trotting matches and a trot for a sweepstakes, came off Thursday, afternoon 28th ult., on the Centerville Course. The first match was for $1,000, between John Baird's b. g. Deacon and Mr. Van Buren's b. m. Fanny, mile heats. There was but one heat in the race, Deacon distancing the mare on the first mile.

The second match, $200, two mile heats, in harness, terminated like the first, Whelan's nag beat Mr. Pearsall's an eighth of a mile the first heat.

The sweepstakes was also a one sided affair. There were three entries—the horses without names. John Nelson drove a bay mare, with white feet; Mr. Strong drove another bay mare, and John Baird had a brown mare. The latter was distanced in the first heat, and Mr. Strong's badly beaten in both.

The following is a summary:—

THURSDAY, Sept. 27.—Trotting match, $1,000, mile heats, in harness.

H. Woodruff drove b. g. Deacon - - - 1
Mr. Strong drove b. m. Fanny - - - dis
Time, 2:42.

SAME DAY.

Match $700, two mile heats, to wagons.

Mr. Whelan named s. m. Fanny Pullen - 1
Owner named b. m.—— - - - - dis.
Time, 6.11.

SAME DAY.

Sweepstakes, $100, mile heats, in harness.

John Nelson entered bay mare - - 1 1
Mr. Strong entered bay mare - - 2 2
John Biard entered brown mare - - dis.
Time,—3:6.

Rifle-Shooting.

Lewis and James' Controversy.

We received, at too late an hour for insertion in this week's paper, a communication from Mr. Nelson Lewis, in answer to one published in our last, from Mr. James. It is spicy, and will keep until next week.

Letter about James.

A communication, from Whitehall, N. Y., in reference to the letter of Mr. James, published in last week's CLIPPER, was received just as we were going to press. Will appear in our next.

Queen's County Horse Show.

HELD AT JAMAICA, L. I., ON THE 28th SEPT.

This Exhibition was well attended, both by exhibitors and admirers. The specimens of horse-flesh were no less gratifying than in former years. Those of the Bovine kind exhibited by Mr. Lawrence of Flushing, were particularly worthy of notice. They were chiefly imported from foreign stock, and the subjoined list of prizes will show that the Judges appreciated his enterprise. His productions and those of Andrew H. Mickle, of the same place, surpassed everything in this department.

Among the horses, the stallion William Tell, belonging to James Whipley, of Jamaica, a beautiful thorough bred chesnut; a pair of fine bay carriage horses, the property of Hon. John A. King, and a span of bay horses, excellently matched as to size and pacers, belonging to James Remsen, Esq., were most conspicuous. Mr. J. C. Stoothoff's Shetland ponies were of the true "Shetie" breed—very rare in this country—and were consequently regarded with a great deal of curiosity and admiration.

The following were the premiums given:

HORSES—STUD.—(Owned in the county 6 months previous to Exhibition.) Best Stud 4 years old and upwards, T. Williams, Jr., South Hempstead; silver cup, $10; 2d do., James Whepley, Jamaica, $5; 3d do., E. C. Sedgwick, Jamaica, *Youatt*; best stud 2 years and under 4, J. S. Hendrickson, Hempstead, silver cup, $10; 2d do., S. R. Bowne, Flushing, $5. Best 1 year old colt, Elias B. Higbe, North Hempstead, $8.

BLOOD MARES.—Best blood mare, (with foal at her foot,) George Hulst, Newtown, silver cup, $10; 2d do., E. A. Lawrence, Flushing, $5.

MATCHED HORSES.—(Owned 6 months in the county.) Best pair, John A. King, Jamaica, silver cup, $10; 2d do., J. S. Remsen, Jamaica, $5; 3d do., a pair of Shetland ponies, J. C. Stoothoff, Jamaica, *Youatt*.

GELDINGS OR MARES.—(Owned or bred in the county.) Best 4 years old and upwards, John A. Chapman, Manhassett, silver cup, $10; 2d do., B. Hendrickson, Hempstead, *Youatt*; best 2 years old and under 4, Story Conklin, Jericho, silver cup, $10; 2d do., William S. Willis, Oyster Bay, *Youatt*; best 1 year old colt, George Hulst, Newtown, $8.

GELDINGS AND MARES.—(Owned 6 months in the county, before exhibition.) Samuel C. Jackson, Astoria, $8; Shetland Ponies, John S. Canavello, *Dodds' Cattle Doctor*.

Another Boat Race.

A race will come off at Hoboken on Friday, the Eliza having challenged the Gipsy and the whole squadron for $100. The challenge was accepted by Capt. Berker, on behalf of the Gipsy.—An exciting time may be looked for.

Five Miles Handicap Race.

This race came off on the 5th Sept., at Hyde Park, Sheffield, and was won by Pudney. Full particulars in our next.

THE RING.

GREAT BATTLE

BETWEEN

MASSEY & M'NULTY.

FROM BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON, SEPT. 10.

This, the only banquet prepared for the autumnal entertainment of the fistic world, which was, therefore, looked forward to with no little interest, took place at Lower Hope Point, on Monday last, and, barring a slight disturbance, owing to the unruly conduct of a few, which is alluded to hereafter (in our account of the fight), was conducted throughout in a manner to give satisfaction to the most fastidious ring-goer.—As our account of the actual mill is necessarily long, so our introductory remarks must be proportionably curtailed. Our readers are aware that this was not the first time that the heroes of the day had been pitted against each other, their former engagement having taken place on the 6th of April, 1852, when Massey, after fighting 60 rounds in 113 minutes, was declared the victor, M'Nulty having fallen without a blow. Ever since that time Mac's friends have been dissatisfied at the result, and have always maintained that had M'Nulty stood up and fought with determination he must have won. He was at the time new to the London Ring, although his country performances had been numerous and successful, and his lack of dashing spirit was attributed, in some degree, to nervousness, at being matched against such a renowned boxer as Jemmy Massey. He displayed no anxiety for another immediate essay with the formidable James, but sought an easier job in the person of James Hawkes, a fellow townsman. These youths, it will be remembered, fought twice for the same stake, £50 a side being added to it on the second occasion, but in the end our hero was compelled to cry *peccavi*, after a tedious fight of 90 rounds, in one hour and fifty-four minutes, at Rainham, in the spring of last year. He next turned his attention to the veteran Paddy Gill, over whom he gained an easy victory. This performance, although nothing very extraordinary, Gill being both old and stale, seemed to give him the necessary confidence, and, in accordance with the wishes of his friends, he determined once more to try his luck against his *quondam* opponent. The *cognoscenti*, knowing that he had much improved, and had, moreover, gained in strength and stamina by the addition of two years to his age (he being still only twenty-five), while the addition must have been the reverse of beneficial to Massey, were immensely confident, and, ever since the match has been made, Mac has been the favourite. The calculators, however, appear to have entirely thrown out of the reckoning the fact that on the present occasion there was no restriction as to weight, while in the former match Massey was much weakened by his exertions in reducing himself to the requisite 8st 12lb. Massey, who is just thirty years of age, and who, when the match was made, was considerably over 11st, commenced active work immediately, determined that he would leave no stone unturned to maintain the 'vantage ground. He went first to Brighton, and subsequently completed his exercise at Kew, where, although he could not, with all the hot weather and all the work, get himself under 9st 4lb, still he brought himself into good robust health, and was, evidently, on the morning, as fit to defend himself as any man who has for a length of time pursued the calling of a Bonifface. His muscles, it is true, were not very protuberant, but it was clear they were "there," although well encased in another substance. He had a small corporation just below his waistband, which caused no little anxiety to his friends, but the hardy little fellow bade them have no fears on that score; he assured them it would not impede his activity, and he was confident as to his capabilities of defending it from danger. In this, it will be seen, he was fully borne out by the result; but it was perfectly apparent to all that, on many occasions throughout the battle, it was "bellows to mend," and had it not been for the careful nursing of Alec Keene and Tom Sayers, and the plentiful application of Wenham Lake ice (a thoughtful provision made by the fair hands of Mrs. Jemmy Shaw, and sent by her expressly for Massey), he would on more than one occasion have found himself in "queer-street," and, as it was, had M'Nulty possessed more of the "neck or northing" style of fighting, we question whether he would not have had a very trying time of it. Of the doings of the men we do not feel called upon to descant. They must be very familiar to our readers, from frequent repetition in our columns, and to the ignorant upon the subject we must recommend a perusal of *Fistiana*. We will now turn to the occurrences of the morning. An aquatic trip having been determined on, it was agreed by Alec Keene and Nat Langham that an early start should be effected, and that a long trip should be substituted for the usual foray into Erith Marshes, in order, if possible, to "throw out" Mishter Coobidy and other piratical gentry, who, on these occasions, bring down so many unwelcome "Cheapsiders." Ten o'clk. was the hour named, and we were promised that punctuality would be observed. At ten o'clock, accordingly, we, at great inconvenience, reached North Woolwich, and here we found both the men, their backers, and many friends. The Waterman 7 was anchored near the pier, and close along side was the Osprey, chartered by the "Coobidies." In company with Alec Keene and Massey, and many patrons of the Ring, we hastened on board the Waterman, where, after some delay, Nat Langham also made his appearance. It was suggested to him that, as a long journey was before him, and a long fight in prospect, a start should be made forthwith. To this, however, he paid no attention, neither did he make any effort to hasten the embarkation of his friends, who were luxuriating at the hotel on shore. M'Nulty, too, for some unknown reason, preferred remaining on shore to coming on board. Keene was very pressing for a start, but Nat Langham seemed bent on thwarting him, and waited for train after train to arrive, in the hope of filling the boat, until 12 o'clock had struck. These vexatious delays caused no small annoyance, and were very reprehensible, more especially as they enabled the pirate to fill his boat, and start almost simultaneously with the legitimate vessel, so that, by the time the ring was formed, the multitude put in an appearance, whereas, had Mr. Langham allowed punctuality to be the order of the day, the Osprey would have been less than half filled, and in all probability would not have started at all, and a scene of disturbance which occurred during the second round might have been most probably avoided. The delay was in no way attributable to Keene; on Langham alone rests the blame. Soon after twelve a start took place, and the expedition arrived at the trysting place, five miles below Gravesend, at about half-past two. Here a landing was effected, and an excellent ring formed by the commissary and Tom Callas. The outer ring, in accordance with our suggestion last week, was larger and stronger than formerly, and gave great satisfaction. Little time was lost in settling preliminaries, and the men, under a broiling sun, commenced their toilettes, Massey under the guidance of Tom Sayers and Alec Keene, and M'Nulty assisted by Jem Hodgkiss and Jerry Noon, who, we were glad to perceive, had profited by the hint we gave him a short time back, and who on the present occasion conducted himself in a manner to entitle him to great credit. While the important ceremony of peeling was going on, some small sums were invested, first at evens, and subsequently at 6 to 4 on M'Nulty, odds which were freely taken by the backers of Massey, whose rude health and confident aspect gained him many friends. At twenty-six minutes after three all was in readiness, the usual daddle-shaking was gone through, and the heroes were left in the centre of the arena to commence

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. On appearing at the scratch the contrast between the combatants was very perceptible. M'Nulty was long, wiry, and in tip-top condition; in fact, we never saw him look better or more confident of success. He eyed his ancient antagonist as if he felt confident that he had an easy job before him. Old Jemmy was fat and round, with a jolly boniface countenance, which, in any other situation, would certainly not have been regarded as that of a practitioner of fisticuffs. His flesh, however, was hard, and, although perhaps not as tight as he ought to have been, he was in rude health, and crummy as he looked, was certainly a most awkward customer. He smiled at M'Nulty, as much as to say that, hot as the atmosphere was, he would find it hotter by-and-bye. No time was lost in sparring, but Massey at once bundled in (we can call it nothing else), and delivered his right with great effect on Mac's ribs. This led to some mutual fibbing, in which each got an awkward slap on the gob, and each drew the ruby, thus neutralizing any claim for first blood. In the end both were down. Immediately after the round a great and most disgraceful riot took place among some of the "country party," who, whenever they come to London, wish to rule the roast. These gentry refused to pay for their inner-ring tickets, and yet persisted in entering the inner-ring. Some of the ring-keepers, among whom Jem Cross was the most active, attempted to clear them out, and for this purpose were compelled to resort to the use of their whips, but the lawless ruffians on the other side were in strong force, and plied their life-preservers in such force that poor Cross was seriously injured, as was also Charley George, who was active in assisting him. Foremost among the gang of interlopers, was Jack Martin, who, it will be recollected, was dismissed from the association, through evidence produced by Jem Cross, and who took this opportunity of having his revenge. If this fellow ever thought of being restored to the association hereafter, he certainly has not taken the course to lead to such a result. So furiously did the combat rage, and so backward were some of the members of the association in rendering their assistance, that we thought one time the ring would have been broken in, and all order would have been at an end. Suddenly, however, Owen Swift rushed into the *melee*, and although he met with some awkward thumps, his presence was a host in itself, and as he was quickly backed up by Nat Langham, Tom Paddock, and other good men and true, the cowardly blackguards, who were at least 20 to 1, began to give back, and in much less time than it has taken us to recount it, the ring was cleared and order restored, and we may here add preserved for the remainder of the day.

2. Massey again fearlessly dashed in, caught Master Daniel heavily on the side of his nut with his left, and then made his right on the ribs. M'Nulty retaliated slightly on the conk, got another heavy one on the ribs, and got down.

3. The old one again dashed in with his right on the ribs. M'Nulty returned on the left peeper, and in the end dropped, Massey falling on him.

4. Massey led off in his usual desperate style, caught Mac with sounding effect on the ribs, when the latter delivered a heavy upper-cut with his right on the mouth, opening up another crimson stream. In the end Jemmy fell.

5. Massey planted both hands with effect, the right on Mac's left temple, the left on his dexter peeper. He then stood away to gather himself up, and dashed at him like a young lion, but Mac was ready, caught him round the neck, and fibbed him heavily on the mouth, drawing more of the ruby, and Massey got down.

6. M'Nulty rushed to close, and lifted Massey off the ground, but when he had him there could do nothing with him, and after a short struggle both fell side by side.

7. M'Nulty led off, but was afraid to go within distance. Massey then rattled in with both hands on the side of Mac's knowledge-box. Some tremendous in-fighting followed, in which Mac delivered some very effective upper-cuts on Jemmy's potato trap, which, thus early, was out of all shape. A break away ensued. After which, Massey again went in, got another upper-cut, but made his right tell heavily on Mac's left cheek. A close followed, in which both pegged away manfully, Massey receiving on the mouth, and Mac on the ribs, and Massey at length fell, apparently tired.

8. Massey at once got to work, caught Mac heavily between the peepers, inflicting a cut, and drawing lots of burgundy. Mac countered on the mouth, and after some sharp exchanges, Massey again dropped.

9. Massey, at his old game, dashed in with his right on the ribs which caused Mac to wince not a little, and in the end got down on the saving suit.

10. Massey again at it, made his awkwark right on the bread-basket heavily, and then his left on the proboscis. He, however, napped a nasty one on the mouth and fell, his friends exclaiming he was fighting too fast to win.

11. Massey could not be persuaded to wait; he led off as usual, planted his left heavily on Mac's throat, and followed with his right on the kidneys. Mac did not half like it, and stood away; Jemmy followed him up, and compelled him to get to close quarters, at which Mac had all the best of it, delivering his heavy upper-cuts on the mouth in a punishing manner, and Massey down.

12. Massey, as usual, plunged in his right on the ribs, when Dan closed, and Massey pegged away at his ribs, receiving at the same time several stinging upper-cuts on the mouth and nose from Dan's left. At this game Mac seemed to have the best of it; his upper-cut told strongly in his favor, and turned on the main from Jemmy's upper works at several places. Among others he inflicted a severe cut over the left brow, and Massey fell amidst much cheering from the Brums.

13. Massey got his left heavily on Dan's snout, and got another counter on the left brow, from which the high-service main was again turned on, as it was, also, from his mouth, and Jemmy fell.

14. Massey rushed in with his right, which reached Mac's neck heavily. He tried it again, and got home on Mac's left brow, drawing more of the home-brewed, Mac although the fresher man, being evidently bewildered, and making no return. Massey again went at him, made both hands on the body, and fell.

15. Massey lost no time, delivered his left heavily on the mark, and then both hands on the top of Mac's brain-pan.—Mac attempted to close, but Jemmy sent in his right twice in succession most viciously on the ribs. Mac ran away, but was followed up by Jemmy; who, however, napped a heavy spank on the mazzard. He milled away at Daniel's bread-basket, until Mac got down.

16. Massey forced the fighting, delivered his right on the ribs, and then his left on the left brow; a second time he plunged in his right on the ribs, and Mac got down, Massey sinking exhausted by his side.

17. Massey dashed to a close, and after some mutual fibbing, threw and fell heavily on Mac.

18. Massey looked so desperate that Mac turned tail and bolted, but Massey ran after him and forced him down.

19. Massey, who was somewhat recovered, thanks to the plentiful application of ice to his wig-block, went to work, nailed Mac with effect on the ribs and left side of his head. Mac retaliated on the left peeper, which was all but closed, and, after receiving a little one on the forehead, dropped.

20. Massey furiously went to work with his right on the ribs, and then his left on the top of the head, and Mac fell.

21. Massey was nailed on the forehead heavily as he attempted to close, but this did not stall him off, and in the end he threw and fell heavily on his opponent.

22. Massey, at the old game, opened the ball with two shots on the top of Mac's occiput without a return. He tried to repeat the dose, but Mac received him with a right-handed stinger on the snout. Some infighting followed, in which each got some heavy punishment, Mac on the body, and Jemmy on the mouth and left eye. In the end M'Nulty fell.

23. M'Nulty for a wonder led off, but was out of distance, and Massey, as if to show him how it should be done, caught him three times in succession in the mark with his right. Mac delivered a sharp upper-cut on the mouth in return, and dropped.

24. Massey reaching Mac's right cheek twice in succession, got a small one on the kisser in return, and Mac got down. The odds now veered round upon Massey, who although piping from his exertions in having to force the fighting, was so strong and resolute as to give his friends immense confidence.

25. Massey popped in his left on Dan's right optic without a return, and then the same hand on the conk. He banged away with both hands on the ribs and top of the nut until Mac dropped. 4 to 1 on Massey.

26. Jemmy pegged away most desperately, quite astonishing his less determined adversary. Mac got home one or two random shots on the mouth, and in the end Massey fell.

27. Jemmy, after planting his left and right on the mouth and throat, got a heavy upper-cut on his speaking-trumpet in return, for which he drummed away on Mac's ribs with his right, and the latter fell.

28. In this round some trifling exchanges took place without damage, and M'Nulty got down.

29. Mac once more attempted the initiative, but signally failed, and got pinked on the top of his cranium. He fell in Massey's corner, and the latter hit him as he reached the ground. A claim of *foul* was made, which was not allowed, on the ground that it was accidental.

30. Both men commenced business at once, and a tremendous pounding match took place, in which each delivered some stinging hits on the mouth and eyes. It was all in favor of M'Nulty, who, however, in the end got down.

31. Massey planted his right heavily on the back of Mac's small ribs, and on closing Mac got down.

32. Massey slogged away with his left on the throat, and his right on the ribs. Mac delivered a heavy upper-cut with his right on the mouth, drawing more carnation, and then got down.

33. Jemmy made both hands twice in succession on the side of Mac's occiput, turning on the cock from this sinister peeper, and Mac coolly laid himself down.

34. Jemmy rushed to his man, nailed him on the left cheek, but not heavily. He persevered with both hands on the ribs without an attempt to return on the part of M'Nulty, who again got down. The tremendous onslaughts of Massey, who, although at the close of each round whenin his corner, he puffed and blew like a grampus, and was apparently dead beat, always came up strong and determined, appeared to take much of the fight out of M'Nulty, who is anything but a kill-bull.

35. Jemmy went to work like a young giant, caught Mac heavily on the right cheek, and Mac fell.

36. Again did Massey lead off with both hands on Mac's left cheek and nose, Mac returned on the left peeper, and in the close both were down. 5 to 1 on Massey.

37. Massey made his right heavily on the ribs, and got down.

38. The old'un made play, but not heavily, at Mac's left cheek. He tried to improve his position, planted his right on the left side of the canister, and then his right on the left brow, and Mac fell through the ropes.

39. Mac once more attempted to lead, but was shy. They then closed, and another tremendous fibbing match ensued, both tapping it heavily on the mouth and nose; the hitting was in favor of M'Nulty, whose upper cuts on the jaw did much execution. In the end, however, he got down.

40. Massey led off, but Mac steadied himself and entered him very heavily on the left [illegible], which he now completely closed. Massey returned slightly on the ribs, and Mac again sought mother earth.

41. After some slight and harmless exchanges, M'Nulty got down.

42. This was certainly the best round of the fight. Massey commenced with a left-hander on the conk, and Mac returned the compliment, and turned on the tap. Massey then made both hands on the side of Mac's head, which was followed by heavy counter hits in favor of Mac, who, however, got a steadier on the brow. Massey then planted his left heavily on the throat, Mac, at the same time, propping on the mouth, which was much cut and swollen. Jemmy now drew more of the pinking from Dan's left brow by a tremendous spank, he after this turned on the main from Dan's nasal reservoir, and also from his mouth. Mac made his left twice heavily on the sneezer, and in the end were both down, much exhausted, amidst loud cheers from both sides.

43. Jemmy, who appeared much exhausted, led off, but was short. Mac then tried it on, but got one on the brow for his pains. A close followed and both were down, Jemmy under.

44. Massey led off, but Mac was with him, and after a sharp rally at the ropes, both fell side by side.

45. Jemmy dashed in left and right on the ribs and on the side of the head, but Mac countered him well on the mouth and nose. Massey pegged away on the mouth, drawing more of the cherry juice; but in return, Mac produced a supply of the gravy from Jem's left eye. In the end Mac was down.

46. Jemmy fearlessly led off, caught Mac on the left brow, and then on the ribs, and after receiving on the mouth rather heavily, got down piping.

47. The veteran impetuously forced the milling, and made a call on Mac's left brow, drawing forth the purple streamlet. Mac slightly returned on the left brow, whereupon Jemmy closed, and Mac instantly got down.

48. Jemmy, as usual, went in neck or nothing, punished Mac heavily on the breadbasket, and, after receiving a slashing upper-cut on the larboard peeper, fell, much blown.

49. Neither man very ready to the call of time; as soon as they scratched, Massey commenced operations with both mawleys on Dan's physog. He effected several plantations, but the blows lacked vigour, and, in the end, he fell weak.

50. Again were both slow—but Massey required all the time to recover himself, as he had evidently been fighting too fast. He, as usual, took the lead, opened the old wound on Mac's brow, then tapped on his ribs with the right which led to some infighting, at which Mac did most execution, and Massey again got down.

51. Massey plunged in, caught Mac a regular "belly-go-fuster" on the mark, with his right, and delivered his left on the dice box. Mac made his favourite upper-cut with the left on Jemmy's mouth, and the latter fell.

52. Massey seemed much fatigued and slow, and Mac took the lead, and planted a very heavy one on Massey's left cheek, which was much swollen, and Jemmy was

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round Solid Coates, on the part of M'Nulty, went into the ring and threw up the sponge in token of defeat. The *coup de grace* was a severe left-hander in the mark, which nearly brought poor Daniel's knees and nozzle into contact. The valiant Massey immediately went to his fallen opponent, and after a friendly shake of the hand, repaired on board the Westerman 7,, whither he was followed by his friends and by the beaten man, of whom every care was taken, and just as the shades of evening were closing in the expedition got under weigh and returned to town, all being delighted at the manly display they had witnessed, the friends of Mac being quite satisfied that their man had done his best, and considering that such a battle amply compensated for any pecuniary losses they had suffered. The battle lasted 2 *hours and* 34 *minutes*.

REMARKS.

Our observations upon the character of this fight must be brief. Ould Jem my fully maintained the character he earned in his youth as a determined, unflinching pugilist of the old school. His scientific acquirements, as our readers are aware, are by no means A 1, but such is the terrific nature of his onslaught, and his utter indifference to hard blows, that he sets all the art of self-defence at defiance; and, stale as he is, would put any man near his weight to all kinds of shifts to save himself from defeat. Jemmy is purely a natural fighter. He almost invariably commences at the body, and seldom attacks the frontispiece of an adversary until his repeated visitations to the ribs have so bewildered him that he can do so with comparative impunity. As to keeping him off by jobbing him in the head as he comes in, the thing is very good in theory, but is by no means easy when one attempts to put it in practice. His nob is of that cast iron nature that it is difficult to make any impression upon it, and even if an adversary does contrive to find his way to it, we feel convinced that Jemmy will never succumb so long as he has half an eye to see with, provided always that he is not hit out of time, a task easily imagined, but not so easily executed. On Monday the punishment he received about the mouth and the left side of his head was very heavy. His mouth was much swollen, and more like a cocked hat than a potato trap in shape. His left peeper was completely closed, and his cheek and left jaw about twice the natural size. The right side of his mug was comparatively unscathed. Dan M'Nulty proved himself an excellent receiver, for the punishment dealt out to him about the body must have been sufficient to satisfy even a greater glutton than he is reputed to be. As a punisher, however, when opposed to such a determined antagonist as Massey, he will never, in our opinion, become a shining light. He has no notion of leading off, and confines himself chiefly to the defensive. Such tactics may do very well in the sparring school, but in the Ring are entirely out of place. A man can never hope to take a first class in his profession, unless he occasionally dashes out and takes a position of his own, showing at the same time, some determination to retain it. Master Daniel may be game enough at receiving punishment, but, unless he possesses sufficient "devil" to enable him to "go in," regardless of the consequences, he must for the future confine his attentions to a slower and milder school of boxers than that in which the name of Massey is enrolled. The money is to be given to Massey at Alec Keene's, Three Tuns, Moor-street, Soho, to-morrow (Monday) evening. We hear that Jemmy is already looking out for a chance of gaining fresh laurels, and that it is by no means improbable he and Jerry Noon will once more meet in the P. R. Should such a match be made, it will create extraordinary interest.

The Championship.

PADDOCK AND HARRY BROOME.—The second deposit of £10 a side, between Tom Paddock and Harry Broome, was made at Harry Broome's, Albion, Warblington-street, Portsmouth, on Wednesday last. The third, of £10 a side, is to be made at Dan Dismore's, King's Arms, Smart's-buildings, Holborn, on Wednesday, the 20th inst. We have received a long letter from Harry Broome for which we have not space, in which he explains his reasons for taking up the gauntlet, after retiring from the Ring, in accordance with a promise given to his wife and her friends. He says his brother made the match with Tom Paddock originally for the Tipton Slasher, but on going to the Cumberland Stores, to draw articles and stake additional money, he (Harry Broome) was assailed by Tom Paddock with such contemptuous epithets, that he was compelled in self-defence to take up the cudgels on his own behalf, and place himself in the position originally intended for the Tipton. He adds, that he is all confident in his own powers, and wishes to inform the wiry Paddock, and his friends, that he is prepared to add £200 a side to the sum for which the match is made, should they be so disposed. A letter from the Slasher has also come to hand, in which he states as his reason for not coming forward, that he received a letter from Johnny Broome, offering to back him against Paddock, and that therefore he thought it unnecessary to trouble himself, Broome having agreed to see to the drawing of articles. The Tipton adds, that Harry Broome had no right to place himself in the position of Champion after retiring, without consulting him, and that to prove he means to maintain his title, he will willingly pay Paddock's forfeit if the latter will give up his match, and allow him (Perry) to stand in his shoes; and he is open to fight Harry Broome or Tom Paddock for £200 or £300 aside. A deposit, placed in our hands, will be immediately covered. This we have communicated to Johnny Broome, who telegraphed to Harry at Portsmouth, and the latter has sent to us to state that he is perfectly ready to accommodate the Slasher; and if Paddock will not forego the present match, he (Broome) will fight the Tipton four months after his battle with Paddock, win or lose, for £200 a side. Money ready at Johnny Broome's, Cumberland Stores, Beak-street, to-morrow (Monday) night. We trust that both matches may go on, and we shall then have some chance of seeing the *vexata questio* decided.

Philadelphia Exhibition.

HELD AT POWELTON, NEAR PHILADELPHIA, ON SEPT. 26, 27, 28 AND 29.

The success attending the Fair and Horse Show is without parallel. During the four days of exhibition it is computed that 250,000 persons were present. The Horse Department was one of the principal attractions, and the Races and other performances in the Ring, afforded the highest gratification and delight. The following is a list of the premiums awarded:

HORSES.—The Committee reported a large and attractive exhibition, and stated that "never, perhaps, had there been such a splendid collection in Pennsylvania." Best matched carriage horses, Watson Newbold, $30; matched farm, Geo. W. Hocker, $30; farm mares, Eli Logan, $15; best gelding for saddle, F. A. Shower, $10; best gelding for harness, Michael Trainor, $10; best mare for harness, M. A. Kellogg, $10; best jack, W. C. Henderson, $20; best pair of mules, George W. Hocker, $20. Discretionary premiums were recommended for the different kind of horses.

IMPORTED HORSES.—Stallion, R. B. Jones, $20.

CRICKET.

Newark and Harlem.

The return match between the Newark and Harlem Clubs was played at Newark, on Monday last, Newark winning in one innings.

Cricket Match at Hoboken.

ELEVEN OF ST. GEORGE'S CLUB AND ELEVEN OF NEW YORK CLUB.

The play commenced at 11 o'clock on Wednesday, 27th ult. The St. George won the toss, and scored 92 runs the first innings. Waller's wicket went first for 1 run from Cuyp's ball, and Glyn followed suit. Sam Wright played well and got 28 runs, heading the score of the day. Gibbs played, as usual, in good cricketing style, when Marsh stopped his career for 6 runs. Capt. Wallack unfortunately went out the second ball—a ripper from Sams. Bailey got 21 runs by some good hard hitting. Burnett made a good hit for 4. Total, 92 runs. Time, 3 hours and 35 minutes.

At 3 o'clock New York sent Sharp and Harvey to the bat. The former went down directly without a run.—Harvey and Hingham played well for one hour; the former got 25 runs. Sams did not bat well. The remainder did not add much to the score. Time, 2½ hours. Total, 82 runs.

The St. George's thus lead the New York by 10 runs in the first innings. To-day (Thursday,) will be the tug of war, when play will commence at 10 o'clock.

The fielding yesterday with few exceptions, was good on both sides.—Fletcher long-stepped beautifully. New York Club bowling was decidedly the best; the batting a little in favor of St. George.

The day's play tells up as follows:—

ST. GEORGE'S CLUB—FIRST INNINGS.

1. Walker b Cuyp	1
2. Glyn b Sams	1
3. Hindbaugh c and b Cuyp	7
4. Sam Wright c and b Sams	28
5. Gibbs b Marsh	6
6. Wallack b Sams	1
7. Bailey b Sams	21
8. Meikleham c J. Higham b Marsh	0
9. Emmett b Marsh	0
10. Burnett not out	17
11. Tinson c and b Sams	1
Byes, 5; leg bye, 1; wide balls, 3.	9
Total.	92

NEW YORK CLUB—FIRST INNINGS.

1. Sharp b Wallack	0
2. Harvey b Gibbs	25
3. J. Higham c Bailey b Gibbs	18
4. Sams c Emmett b Gibbs	3
5. Fletcher c Bailey b Waller	5
6. Marsh run out	7
7. Ranney, leg before wicket	0
8. Cuyp run out	2
9. Castles b Wallack	6
10. Shormand not out	2
11. Spivey b Waller	1
Byes, 5; leg byes, 3; wide balls, 4	12
Total.	82

The second day's play of this match was commenced on Thursday morning at 10½ o'clock. St. George's sent Waller and Meikleham to the wickets, but Cuyp felt too much like bowling this morning for them and soon sent Waller out with a round O. Sams polished Meikleham off for one run and caught Burnett very easy for four runs. Sam Wright was the next unfortunate—he played well but could not come up to yesterday. Cuyp bowled him down—the ball went off his leg on to the wicket—he only got 2 runs; 4 wickets for 17 runs. New York Club looking up—Gibbs now came to the rescue and was playing beautiful when Cuyp took his wicket—13 runs. Bailey was caught out by Marsh with a round O. Capt. Wallack was as unfortunate as yesterday, he only had 3 runs. Cuyp kept on his punishment and cleared Hindhaugh for 2 runs, and caught Glyn out without giving him a chance of a score. F. Tinson was the last man with Emmit, they commenced batting well when Emmit run out. Total, 37—½ hour playing this inning.

The match was concluded on Thursday, and resulted in favor of the New Yorkers, they heading the score of the St. George's with three wickets to go down. The score was as follows:

ST. GEORGE'S CLUB—SECOND INNINGS.

1. Waller b Cuyp	0
2. Meikleham b Sams	4
3. Burnett c Sams b Cuyp	4
4. Sam Wright b Cuyp	2
5. Gibbs b Cuyp	13
6. Wallack b Sams	3
7. Bailey c Marsh b Cuyp	0
8. Hindhaugh c Sams b Cuyp	2
9. Glyn c Cuyp b Sams	0
10. Emmett run out	4
11. Tinson not out	4
Byes, 2; Wides, 2.	4
First innings.	37
	92
Total.	129

NEW YORK CLUB—SECOND INNINGS.

1. Harvey c Waller b Wallack	0
2. Shonnard b Wallack	3
3. Higham b Wallack	10
4. Sams b Gibbs	22
5. Fletcher c Waller b Gibbs	2
6. Marsh not out	1
7. Sharp c Tinson b Gibbs	0
8. Ranney c Waller b Gibbs	4
9. Castles not out	1
Byes, 2; wides, 2; leg byes, 1.	5
First innings.	48
	82
Total.	130

[Free Academy and Union Clubs.

The match between the Free Academy and Union Clubs was played on the 30th September, at the Hoboken grounds, and resulted most unfortunately for the members of the Free Academy Club, who were beaten by their opponents in one innings, and forty-three runs to spare. The following is the score:—

FREE ACADEMY CRICKET CLUB.

FIRST INNINGS.

Ticknor b. Muller,	1
Van Dusen, b. Davis, h.	11
Sherry, b. Davis,	2
Clark, c. Davis, b. Baker,	3
Kirkland, b. Davis,	1
Godwin, b. Davis,	3
Linen, c. Baker, b. Davis,	4
Wilson, b. Davis, h.	6
Oscanyan, c. Baker, b. Davis,	0
McKee, not out,	3
Byes	1
Total,	36

SECOND INNINGS.

Ticknor, b. Davis, h.	6
Van Dusen, not out,	6
Sherry, b. Muller,	0
Clark, b. Davis, b.	2
Kirkland, b. Davis, h.	6
Godwin, run out,	6
Linen, b. Davis, c. Leeds,	0
Wilson, b. Muller, c. Banning,	1
Oscanyan, b. Davis, h.	2
McKee, c. Baker, b. Davis, h.	0
Fay, b. Davis,	1
Total,	30

UNION CRICKET CLUB OF NEW YORK.

FIRST INNINGS.

Davis, H. L. B. W., b. Kirkland,	14
Baker, b. Kirkland,	43
Banning, b. Wilson,	17
Luds, b. Kirkland,	7
Porter, b. Kirkland,	1
Beebe, run out,	1
Cutting, b. Kirkland,	6
Ward, b. Sherry,	0
Muller, b. Sherry,	0
Davis, C. F., not out,	7
Montross, b. Sherry,	9
Wides,	2
Leg byes,	2
Byes,	7
No balls,	1
Total,	109

The return match will be played at the Red House grounds, Harlem, on Saturday, the 14th inst.

AQUATICS.

Skaneateles Yacht Club.

THIRD REGATTA OF THE SEASON.

SKANEATELES, Sept. 26, 1854.

FRIEND QUEEN:—The third Regatta of the season came off on Skaneateles Lake at the appointed time. By the way, the Lake is one of the prettiest that I have ever seen in this or any other country, and it should only be seen to be appreciated; it is 16 miles long, varying in width from ¾ to 2½ miles, with the handsomest shores imaginable, with regular and even slopes upon each side for several miles. The Regatta took place at *Mandana Bay*, and the day being fine there was a good attendance. The distance sailed was 15 miles, with a south west breeze. The boats entered for the prizes were in the following order, according to the length of each, with 1½ minutes per foot for difference:—1st, Naiad, Capt. Patterson; 2nd, Sea Gull, Capt. H. R. Lord; 3rd, Island Queen, Capt. S. H. Ingersoll; 4th, Allida, Capt. Wm. Jones, 5th, Tempest, Capt. J. B. Furman; 6th, Amazon, Capt. J. D. Barrows; and 7th, Blue Bell, Capt. E. Potter. After a run of about 2½ hours, the Island Queen came in in fine style, winning the first prize, 13½ minutes ahead of the Tempest, second boat; then came the Blue Bell, 1½ minutes after; then the Sea Gull, the Naiad hauling at this time very close upon the Sea Gull, which made that portion of the race very interesting to spectators on the shore. The other boats gave up the race, and returned to the starting point. The winning boats were received with the cheers of the assembled hundreds upon the wharves as they rounded the buoy boats, at the termination of the race.

Shortly after the sailing was over the prizes were awarded to the winners, viz: Island Queen, 1st; Tempest 2nd; Blue Bell, 3d; Sea Gull, 4th. The Skaneateles Yacht Glub then made sail for home, a distance of six miles, with a fair southerly breeze, each vessel spreading every inch of canvass before the breeze, to beat, if possible, in the closing game of the day, but as before, the Island Queen proved herself the fastest, arriving some time in advance of the fleet.

Thus passed off one of the pleasantest contests of the season, and one I trust long to be remembered by the yacht club and citizens.

Yours, &c.
W. P.

Grand Regatta at Hoboken.

A very large concourse of people assembled at the Atlantic Gardens, Hoboken, on Friday afternoon, 29th Sept., to witness the regatta which had been postponed from the previous week for lack of wind. On Friday the wind blew strong from the north-east, and it was evident before the start that the boats would have a rapid run, and that the race would soon be decided. The prizes, were $75 for the first, $40 for the second, and $20 for the third. The boats entered (on payment of $5 each) were named and sailed as follows:

Gipsey,	sailed by	Capt. Wm. Smith,
Clickener,	"	Capt. Acker.
Austin,	"	J. H. Austin,
Louisa Jane,	"	A. Gibson,
Mystery,	"	W. Gibson,
Chas. Pool,	"	J. Barton,
Bell of Greenp't	"	G. Barker,
Grecian,	"	G. W. Munson,
Eliza,	"	H B. Livingston,
Flirt,	"	L. Tompkins,

The start took place at 1:20 P. M., the Gipsey taking the lead. The Belle of Greenpoint, while crossing the bows of the Mystery, on another tack, upset, and carried away the jibboom and jib of the Mystery. An accident also occurred to the Eliza Jane, by which she lost her jib and bowsprit. These three vessels withdrew from the race.

By the terms of the race, the boats had to sail twice round the course, one stake boat being anchored off Governor's Island, and the other at the foot of Amos street, North River. In the first heat the Gipsey was ahead, the Austin second, and the Clickener third, and this was the order in which the race was finally won, the Gipsey gaining the first prize in 3h. 44m. 12s. The John S. Austin came in second, and the Clickener third, but owing to a difference in the length of keel in the two latter boats, which entitled the Clickener to 1m. 50s. start of the Austin, the second prize was adjudged to the Clickener. The time made by the Austin was 3h. 45m. 5s., and that of the Clickener was 3h. 46m. 18s. The Chas. Pool was the fourth boat, time, 3h. 56m. 15s.

The length of the Gipsey is 23 feet 6 inches. She was built by Capt. W. Smith. Length of the Clickener, built by W. Forse, 27 feet 1 inch. Length of the Austin, built by W. Smith, 28 feet.

Yacht Race.

Correspondence of the New-Orleans Crescent.

PASS CHRISTIAN, Tuesday, Sept. 19, 1854.

The gale that has been raging for the past two days has in a measure worn itself out although this morning we have had a stiff breeze from the South-east, just such a wind as makes glad the heart of a true yachtsman. The Club met at 10 o'clock and arranged all the preliminaries for the race. In addition to making arrangements for the race, they passed a very important amendment to their laws, or rather an addition to them. It was to this effect—provided that all races of the club should be triangular—distance fifteen miles, and that the judges should not start yachts in a regatta, unless in their opinion there was a five knot breeze. The adoption of this rule will prevent a recurrence of those *floating* races that have so often marred our sports—races that have furnished no amusement to the racers nor lookers on.

The race to-day was a triangular one, angles of two and a half miles, twice round, the first Stake-Boat being dead to windward. The yachts were divided into three classes, a prize for each class. On drawing for position in starting it resulted as follows:

FIRST CLASS.

1. Sylph ..... John G. Robinson.
2. Ripple ..... R. Miliken.
3. Alice ..... R. Rareshide.

SECOND CLASS.

1. Venture ..... Sid. Story.
2. Stingaree ..... J. C McAllister.

THIRD CLASS.

1. Algerine ..... Frank Fassman.
2. Edward Sparrow ..... J. H. Behan.

At ten minutes past 12 o'clock the first gun was fired as a signal for the yachts to form into line. Before the smoke had cleared away the whole squadron was in motion, and after much sailing and counter-sailing, one after another they dropped anchor and sails, came head to the wind, and to all appearance were each ready and anxious for the last gun to give the signal for the contest. The wind was now very fresh from the south-east. The Sylph, Ripple and Venture were each single reefed. At twenty minutes before 1 o'clock the last gun was fired, and simultaneous with its echoes the fleet got under way, with the exception of the Alice, whose anchor fouled and delayed her departure several minutes. On getting under way the Stingaree took the lead, the Venture second, Sylph third, Ripple fourth, and the others in a heap. In a very short time the Ripple took the first position, the Sylph the second, and the Stingaree the third. Before reaching the first stake-boat every reef was shaken out, and as they rounded it, one after another, they set their gaff topsails and flying-jibs, and came "a cloud of canvas careering over the waves."

The yachts accomplished the first round in the order and time following, viz:

Ripple	- 1 hour,	15	minutes.	25	seconds.
Sylph	- 1 "	17	"	10	"
Stingaree	- 1 "	20	"	44	"
Alice	- 1 "	23	"	16	"
Venture	- 1 "	27	"	55	"
Algerine	- 1 "	28	"	35	"
Ed. Sparrow	Not timed.				

The Sparrow was so far behind that the Judges did not deem it necessary to time her; but, as the sequel will show, "the race is not always to the swift."

After rounding the stake-boat on the first round, the Alice met with another misfortune; in taking in her flying jib, it got overboard, and for some minutes fairly anchored her. She appeared doomed to misfortune to-day. I can but wish her gentlemanly owner better luck next time.

By the time the yachts had finished the first round, the wind had lulled very much. In a few minutes the Sylph took the lead, which she retained for the remainder of the race, closely followed by the Ripple.

Just after the leading boats rounded the last stake a severe squall came out from the south-east The Stingaree led off by dropping her mainsail and coming on under her jib: the Alice settled away everything; the Algerine tried to lower her sails, but her halyard got foul and she capsized; boat and crew were afterwards brought in by one of the stake-boats. The Sylph and Ripple first dopped their peaks, and afterwards their whole mainsails; but, as the wind would occasionally lull, up would go their mainsails, or part of them—the hoisting of an inch of canvas on one appearing to be the signal for the others. As pretty a contest as ever I witnessed was that between the Sylph and Ripple for the last mile and a half of the race.

The spectators on the wharf would alternately cheer one or the other, as points of seamanship, or more properly yachtmanship, were displayed by their respective captains and crews. The scene on the wharf was comparable, in exoitement, to nothing I have ever witnsssed, unless it was the Metairie Race-Course last Spring, when Lexington won the State Post Stake, beating Lecomte, etc. Many there are, too, who, notwithstanding the result today, think the Ripple, on a future occasion, and under other circumstances, may turn the tables on her victors. All things must come to an end, as did this race, in time and order following:

Sylph	- 2 hours,	20	minutes,—seconds		
Ripple	- 2 "	31	"	10	"
Stingaree	- 2 "	44	"	50	"
Venture	- 2 "	49	"	40	"
Sparrow	- 4 "	3	"	—	"
Alice	-	Distanced.			
Algerine	-	Capsized.			

Did not round the home stake.

The Sylph taking the prize of the first class, the Venture the prize of the second class, and the Ed. Sparrow the prize of the third class.

Boat Race at Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 2nd, 1854.

DEAR CLIP.—The great race between the "Ben Bolt" and "Know Nothing" came off on Thursday last, on which occasion the Belt Bolt beat her opponent about seven or eight minutes. This is the third race between these boats, and was for the "odd trick," each boat having won on previous occasions.—There was a great deal of excitement in regard to the race, (as they are both crack boats,) and pretty heavy outside bets were made; the distance was about 20 miles (to White Rock and back) and the purse $600. They had a fair wind and a beautiful day, so that we presume all parties were satisfied.

SHANKS.

Business Notices.

A Valuable Article.

In our estimation, one of the most valuable articles of the day is the celebrated ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP, as prepared by that excellent manufacturer, Dr. GOURAUD. We have used, and still continue to use this soap, for the benefits we have derived from it, both in summer and winter, are invaluable. In summer, it is highly beneficial in removing tan, &c., while in winter it prevents and cures chapped hands. In fact, throughout the whole year it is of the greatest service, preventing and removing pimples, freckles, blotches, and all other disguirements to which the skin is liable. The Doctor also prepares a fine HAIR DYE, which changes light, red or gray hair to a beautiful brown or jet black. These cosmetics can be had at 67 Walker street, first store from Broadway.

A Tip-Top Place.

JOHN W. REA, late Prime Basso of Christy's Original Minstrels, is now the host of an excellent Ale and Chop House, No. 13 Mercer street. The profession rendezvous at REA'S, and all the important topics of the day are discussed. Drop in and try a chop.

The Best of all.

We must give it as our opinion that the new hat, of the Fall Fashion, as brought out by Messrs. RAFFERTY & LEASK, of 57 Chatham street, and corner of Chatham and Pearl, is decidedly the neatest and prettiest we have seen for many a day. The fame attached to the gentlemen above mentioned, as the originators of the celebrated Daguerreian Hat, has made them the most popular hatters in town. A beautiful Daguerreotype Likeness of each purchaser is given free, and fixed firmly in the hat purchased. For durability, excellence of material, and skill in workmanship, the Daguerreian Hat stands alone. Its excellence is its guarantee.

Scott Light Guards.

This fine company of citizen soldiers, under the command of G. W. FLYNN, make their Third Annual Parade for target practice, on Monday next, October 9. The members of this company will please accept our thanks for an invitation to accompany them.

AMUSEMENTS.

Purdy's National Theatre.

A. H. Purdy ..... Manager and Proprietor.

☞ Dress Circle and Upper Boxes, 25 cents; Pit, 12½ cents; Orchestra Chairs, 50 cents; Private Boxes, $5; Single Persons to Private Box, $1 each; Balcony Box, $8.

GRAND REOPENING!

During the recess, the Theatre has been thoroughly renovated, re-painted, ornamented, carpeted, &c., and the Manager has no hesitation in asserting, that his NEW COMPANY is the best and most powerful company he has ever announced, as the following list will show:

MR. J. R. SCOTT.

Mr H A Perry, the young American Tragedian, who will appear for six nights only.
Mr H F Daly, from the American Museum.
Mr H Howard, from the Broadway Theatre.
Mr G L Fox, the best Comedian on the Stage.
Mr C W Taylor, the popular author and actor.
Wm Thompson, late of California.
Mr Hampton, from the Pittsburgh Theatre.
Mr J Turner, late of the Eastern Theatres.
Mr J Herbert, Mr G Lingard, Mr H Stone, Mr Terry, Mr Chas Toulmin, Mr Lyon, Mr J P Cline, Mr W Harris.
Mrs H F Nichols, the universal favorite.
Miss A Hathaway, the celebrated Pantomimist and Versatile Actress.
Mrs W G Jones, the popular Actress and Vocalist.
Mrs N H Bannister, Mrs Wray, Miss Barber, Miss Hampton, Miss E Parker, Miss Tree, Mme Jeubilee, Miss A Thayer, Miss Bartlett, Miss Lefolle.

NOTICE.—Mr J R Scott not being able to arrive in time for the opening, will appear in a few days.

WHITE'S NEW ETHIOPIAN

OPERA HOUSE, 49 Bowery, OPPOSITE the Bowery Theatre. This is universally pronounced the most magnificent place of MINSTREL ENTERTAINMENT, &c., in America.

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Admission ..... 25 cts
Doors open at 7—commence at 8 o'clock.
Burlesque Operas.

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A variety of curiosities, and wax representations of the different parts of the human form. Open day and Evening. Admittance 25 cents.

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(Late Basso of the Original Christy's Minstrels,)
ALE AND CHOP HOUSE,
No. 13 Mercer street,
oc. 7 NEW YORK.

SITUATION WANTED.

A YOUNG MAN would like to obtain a situation in some business requiring his attention at night. Address WILLIAM,
142 and 144 Division street.

MEDICAL BOOK GRATIS!

THE SILENT FRIEND, BY DR. T. U. PERRY, Physician and Surgeon, late of the Paris and London Hospitals, for the last six years at 116 West Broadway, opposite White street, where he may be confidentially consulted from 9 to 2, and from 6 to 9 daily—Sundays excepted. The Silent Friend explains the nature, consequences and treatment of all diseases of the generative organs, such as gonorrhœa, gleet, strictures of the urethra, gravel, epididimitis, syphilis, lues venerea, or secondary symptoms: seminal emissions, the effects of masturbation, or secret habits, fully explaining the causes of loss of memory, general debility, incapability for business or study, impotence, sterility, &c., and all the train of evils resulting from this vice to our youth of both sexes, with exposition of quack nostrums, cordials, apparatus, &c. Observations on Female Diseases, with particulars of Doctor Brown's Female Pills.

This book should be obtained by every one, as it will prove a compiete safeguard against quackery. The author cures all the above diseases, with a rapidity hitherto unequaled, at charges within the reach of all. The medicine contains no mercury; no restraint in diet, or hindrance from business required. Letters for the Silent Friend must be post-paid and addressed to T. U. P's office, 116 West Broadway, New York.

CAUTION.—Dr. P. has no connexion with any other parties of the same name in this city.
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s16 ROSS, JONES & TOUSEY.

SUPREME COURT.

IN THE MATTER OF THE TAKING of lands for a new Reservoir, between Eighty-sixth and Ninety-sixth streets, and the Fifth and Seventh Avenues, in the City of New York:

To all owners, mortgagees, lessees, occupants and other persons, in any manner, by judgment, decree, or otherwise, entitled unto, or interested in the lands or premises above mentioned, or any part thereof:

Notice is hereby given that you are required to appear before the Commissioners of Appraisal, in the above entitled proceeding, at their office, No. 293 Broadway, third story, front room, at 10 o'clock, A. M., on any day [Sundays excepted] on or prior to the 21st day of October next, and to produce the evidences of your title or interest therein. In default whereof, and in case the persons entitled or interested as aforesaid shall not be ascertained by or be known to the said Commissioners, or be fully known, the same will be reported to the Supreme Court as belonging to unknown owners.

It being the desire to consummate this great improvement, and to present the report at the earliest day consistent with a proper examination, and due regard to the rights and interests affected, it is earnestly requested that all parties note and comply with the preceding notice, as no other or further notice will be issued.

Dated New York, September 1, 1854.
EDWARD C. WEST,
ABRAHAM TURNURE,
DANIEL DODGE,
Commissioners.
ROBERT J. DILLON, *Counsel to the Corporation.*
N. B. All papers published in the city of New York are requested to publish the preceding notice until the 1st day of October next, once in each week, and to send their bills, with affidavits of publication, to the office of the Counsel to the Corporation, to be paid on the final taxation of the proceedings. Sept. 9.

DANCING AND WALTZING.

MR. M. KILFOIL respectfully announces to his patrons and friends that he has reopened his Dancing and Waltzing Academy, at NATIONAL HALL, Forty-fourth street, between the Eighth and Ninth Avenues, being the best and most elegant Hall in the upper part of the city, with waxed floor, and having the best accommodations for Ladies and Gentlemen. The days and evenings for tuition will be Wednesdays and Saturdays.

He also opened an Academy on Monday evening, September 25th, at UNION HALL, corner of Third Avenue and Twenty-second street. It has been fitted up expressly for Dancing. The accommodations are excellent, the location most eligible, and stages and railroad cars are passing every second. Days and evenings of tuition, Mondays and Thursdays.

He will open an Academy at the SEVENTH WARD HOTEL, on Tuesday, the 3d of October. The Hotel is well fitted up, and the Ball Room has been entirely rebuilt. Stages pass within one block of the Hotel to all parts of the city, and the neighborhood is one of the most respectable in the city. Days of tuition, Tuesdays and Fridays.

A QUADRILLE PRACTICE, for the benefit of all the pupils, after 9 o'clock on the evenings of tuition.

M. K. respectfully assures Parents and Guardians, and all who may honor him with their patronage, that they will be taught the Art of Dancing in its most correct style, embracing all that is required of a Lady or Gentleman in fashionable society.

Private Lessons given at any time unoccupied by the Classes. Any one Waltz taught perfectly in five private lessons, and all dizziness done away with, or the money returned.

TERMS moderate—commencing on the 1st of October. s.30.

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A SPORTSMAN'S REVEILLE.

BY GEORGE THEODORE MANNING.

"Arouse ye then, my merry merry men,
For it is our opening day."

See, faintly breaks the dawn afar,
Over the hills away;
And lingers still the morning star
To welcome in the day.
The lark now plumes its dewy wing,
The cock hath rung his chime;
And awakening now is every thing
To hail the joyful time.
Then up! arise!
The covey flies!
With dog and gun we'll go,
To scent the track,
Then flash and crack
Shall lay the covey low.

Whilst roaming o'er the varied ground,
From care and trouble free;
And, finding joy in all around,
O, who so gay as we?
The sun smiles down upon the earth,
And earth reflects the sky;
While the very air itself gives birth
To health and jollity.
Then up! arise! &c.

How eager, when the pointers stand
Prepare we, merry men;
Whirr! springs the partridge from the land,
Bang! lies he there again;
And laughing, as the echoes fleet
Over the misty hill;
So, joyfully then, our bosoms beat
With many a pleasing thrill.
Then up! arise! &c.

Come, come away, nor longer stay;
Quick flies the darksome night,
And every thing will soon be gay
Beneath the morning's light.
Then curse the gloomy fools who vow
This life can no joy yield;
For, merrily lives the sportsman now,
As he beats the stubble field.
Then up! arise! &c.

Bible Hedingham, Essex.

AN ADVENTURE IN SPAIN.

In times of peace, the town of Miranda on the Ebro derives its chief importance from the commerce which is carried on between the Basque provinces and old Castile; but during the last war its importance was greatly augmented by the strong garrison it contained, and by its proximity to several well fortified places.

In the month of May, 1838, a young lady, whose countenance exhibited the traces of recent sorrow, was seated in an apartment of one of those stately mansions that adorn the town of Miranda. By her side was a young man, apparently about twenty-five years of age, whose military uniform showed that he belonged to a band of foreigners, who, after having distinguished themselves at Algiers in the cause of France, had transferred their services to the liberal party in Spain. "Ah! my dear Cecilia," said the young officer to his fair companion, "the cruel determination of your father has ruined all our hopes. I imagined that the chivalry, which formerly distinguished the Spaniards was not yet quite extinct, and that noble birth might make amends for the want of fortune. But I find I was mistaken; a Polish noble is not deemed worthy to be the son-in-law of the rich Don Miguel Requana. He might, however, have been more courteous in his refusal." "Alas! dear Arnold," said the lady, "our civil dissensions have soured my father's temper. He is even more harsh with me than he used to be; and he has threatened to send me to the house of one of his friends, where he says I shall be treated with severity, as a punishment, for what he terms my obstinacy. But you, Arnold, what are your prospects—where do you intend to go? Tell me, without delay, for my father will be here shortly." "Your father," replied Arnold, "has induced the commandant to order me to quit the town. I have no means of resisting this arbitrary act; I shall bid adieu, therefore, to Miranda to-night, and as soon as I have settled a little business which will detain me on the frontier for some time, I shall go to Paris, to one of my relations, who holds a lucrative situation under the French government, and if I find him willing to aid me, I shall again apply to your father, without the fear of meeting with a refusal; for the great obstacle that now opposes our union will then be removed." The lovers, fearing that Don Requana might surprise them, were obliged to separate, after having, as is invariably the custom on such occasions, vowed eternal fidelity to each other.

The scene of our tale is now removed to a beautiful villa, situated on the summit of a hill by the sea-shore, about a mile from the port of Santander.—Nearly a month after the interview we have described, on a fine evening, about an hour before sunset, Don Mendez, the respectable proprietor of the villa just named, was seated at one of its windows, which he had thrown open to admit the evening breeze, observing attentively a small vessel which had just appeared in the offing. She was so differently built and rigged from the vessels which he saw daily passing from Santander to Bilboa, that he could neither guess the service she was in, nor whither she was bound for. At length, having exhausted his imagination in fruitless conjectures, he shut the window, and retired to join his family. Had he observed the strange vessel a few minutes longer, it is more than probable that he would have been furnished with subjects for further speculation, quite as perplexing as those which had so recently baffled his sagacity; for he had no sooner left the window than she changed her course, and stood in for the shore, where, favored by a smart breeze, she arrived in less than half an hour. When her anchor was cast, a boat was hoisted out, into which three men descended, and rowed to a little point of land, at a distance from the house of Don Mendez, where one of them landed and was absent nearly an hour; when he returned, the boat was rowed back to the ship. On its arrival, three persons descended from the poop of the vessel, and asked the man who had been on shore, if he thought their enterprise would be successful. "I have no doubt of it," he replied, "the house appears to be easy of access, and its inmates are as unguarded and as tranquil as we could desire; and I think the sooner we make the attempt the better."

These four persons might from their garb have been taken for Carlist officers, had it not been that each of them had on his chin a tuft of hair, which fashion was regarded by Carlists as expressive either of republicanism or liberalism, both of which they held in utter abhorrence. "I have my doubts respecting the propriety of the business we are going on," said one of them: "I am not sure that it is just to force an individual to pay the debts which the government of his country have incurred. Six months ago I thought it right enough, but now that we are about to put it into execution, it seems to me more like the action of a set of brigands than of soldiers of honor." "Your scruples are rather too late," replied another; "you would not surely advise us to abandon our enterprise now."—"No, but we must not demand a farthing beyond what is due to us." "Certainly not. It is time, however, for us to act; for we must be far away from this before the sun rises."

The four adventurers then stepped into the boat without further discussion, and made for the land; where we shall leave them for a short time, to pay a visit to Don Mendez, who was comfortably seated at supper, along with his wife and three young ladies, two of whom were his daughters. After supper was over, the worthy Don lighted his cigar, and began to expatiate at great length, on the atrocities committed by the Carlists. As he proceeded, his imagination began to warm, and he related to his frightened hearers with astonishing accuracy, some of the exploits of Cabrera, whom he described as having killed, if not actually eaten, an immense number of Christinos. "Gracios a Dios!" exclaimed Senora Mendez, after a long pause; "we are safe here from the ravages of this unnatural war." She had hardly uttered these words when the blood forsook her face, and her eyes became fixed and haggard.—The Don looked about in alarm, to discover what had frightened his wife, and he saw three armed men, habited like Carlist officers, standing in the middle of the room. The young ladies shrieked for help. "You have nothing to fear," said one of the intruders, courteously. "To what am I indebted for the honor of this visit," inquired the Don in a tremulous tone of voice, "and how can I repay your courtesy?" "That you can easily do," replied the officer who had spoken to the ladies; "as soon as you have given us the sum you will find mentioned in this note, we will leave your house quietly; but should you refuse, we shall be compelled to help ourselves." When the Don had examined the note, he exclaimed, "The sum is enormous; I do not possess the half of it." "Come," said the soldier, sternly, "we are not to be trifled with: if you have not more than half of it, we will accept an order on one of the mercantile houses of Bayonne or Bordeaux for the other half. But beware; if you deceive us, I promise you this will not be the last visit we shall pay you."—The Don, finding that remonstrance was useless, paid the money. As he was counting it out, a fourth officer entered the room. One of the young ladies started up in surprise, and uttered, in a suppressed manner, the name of "Arnold," which the soldier responded to by calling her his dear "Cecilia." The next moment they were locked in each other's arms. Arnold then drew Cecilia aside, and after a few minutes conversation they left the room together. The other officers, having received the money prepared to follow their companion; but previous to their departure, they told the Don that they had a party stationed a short way from his house, and that if he, or any of his household, attempted to give the alarm before the expiration of an hour, he must abide the consequences; but that, after that time, he would be free to act as he thought fit. The threat had the intended effect, for the soldiers gained their vessel without molestation. On the following morning Don Mendez informed the authorities of Santander, that his house had been surrounded, during the night, by a numerous body of Carlists, who, in spite of the energetic resistance made by him and his servants, had succeeded in carrying off everything valuable they could lay their hands on. Soldiers were immediately sent in pursuit of the marauders; but the search proved fruitless, for no one could give any tidings of them. About three months after the attack, in which the warlike qualities of the Don had shone so conspicuously, a messenger arrived at his dwelling with a parcel containing the exact amount of money that had been so unceremoniously borrowed of him on the occasion referred to; and, a few days after, he received a letter from Don Requana, informing him that Cecilia had just been married, at Paris, to a Polish noble, who had distinguished himself, as a soldier, in the service of both France and Spain. This news made Don Mendez very reserved on the subject of the attack; but somehow or other, a rumor got abroad in the town of Santander, that the numerous body of Carlists who had pillaged the house of Don Mendez, consisted of only four Polish officers, in the service of Spain, who finding that the Spanish treasury was too poor to pay them their arrears, had resorted to this rather unjustifiable mode of paying themselves.

ORIENTAL "FIELD SPORTS."

"A SHY" WITH A TIGER.

* * * The third cheroot was rapidly vanishing into potash, and I was about setting to work (being, Mr. Editor, a Reg IX, uncovenanted, under convass on settlement duty,) when lo, and behold, my friend Ramdoss making the best of his way—or rather his tattoo was so doing. My friend was Gomashta, Caleechurn Rae, Bahadur, the Zemindar, whose lands I was assessing.

"*Sahib! bagh hi*,—within the week, has carried off three men and two bullocks. My master has sent his elephant, and begs that you will come and kill it—there are also butchas."

"Thank you, your master is a very nice man,—I guess he'd sooner see the tiger settled, or myself, either the one or t'other." In the midst of this entertaining dialogue, up came the elephant; of course I offered the kawas to my friend the Gomashta, which he declined. However, he provided a substitute in the shape of a ryot. So I, my man of all work, Ramjany, and the ryot, started.

I was well armed—two double barrels, a ditto rifle, ditto single, but my friend's howdah was not at all a strong thing—all ginger bread; the ryot brought us up to a small untigerish-looking spot, one or two large Peepul trees in an open maidan, covered underneath with cane, thorn, and grass jungle.

"Well," said I, "where's the tiger?"

"*Wuhan hi*—there he is," quoth blacky—slipping quietly out of the howdah, and perching himself on a stout arm of the tree. "*Wuhan hi-ata hi Sahib*"—as much as to say "look out for squalls, Mr. Settlement Deputy—touch him up with a little bit of regulation—one paragraph—do *Sahib*."

The jungle slightly moved—fancy!!! when all at once at us he came—she came, or they came I couldn' see, but I could hear. Those who have seen them charge, can understand the thing, perhaps, but I, having recently become a Mofussilite, was, of course, more used to the shrill voices of our Cossitollah debating society, than to such rough conversation as the present. Away went the undaunted elephant, with a scream of terror—crush—crush—crush—away flew the howdah to smithereens: just one instant Ramjany and I slipped off behind. I had the start and fell undermost—he over me. I missed his weight in a moment, turned round, recovered my legs—there was the brute walking away with the old man of all work, my ancient servitor—a nice situation for a married man—with a large family. He took him to an open spot not seven yards from me. There he stood—lash, lash went his tail, and every attempt the poor wretch made was immediately resented by the brute. I felt giddy—sick. I recoiled and had nearly fallen, when I saw amongst the ruins of my howdah my double rifle, not a yard from me. An instant, it was in my hands; another, it was levelled:—the barrels of it were bent in the shape of the letter C. What a soul sickener! However, I retained it at the present. Should I myself be attacked I would discharge it when the brute was actually touching it, and, in this position I commenced my retreat—a growl close alongside.

I had now recovered one of my double guns; it had fallen on the jungle and was uninjured. The growl which alarmed me, came from the tigeress.—She was protecting her cubs, and was evidently meditating a spring. I fixed my eye on her, she sneaked away to the other brute and poor Ramjany. The tiger met her with an angry growl, and seized its victim by the back of his head and literally skulled him. I didn't hear the crush, but I felt it; never shall I forget it—the poor fellow's eyes leaped out of their sockets; his legs plunged two or three times convulsively; a cruel feeling of sickness came over me. My gun was instantly levelled; now for revenge—I aimed directly between the brute's eyes, he was trying to disentangle the poor fellow's hair. I was too close possibly to miss. I pulled the trigger,—it wouldn't go off: the other—no, that wouldn't go off; the monster just raised its head at each sound of the cap; 'twas now that I gave myself up entirely. Now I envied the guide, perched on a branch overhead, quite safe; there he sat jabbering and pelting the brute with bits of rotten branches. It was my only chance. I made a spring,—had hold of the branch,—a roar. The tigeress had seized me. just imagine the agony of the moment!—being dragged along by the arm in a close jungle, and the extra force applied to remove its opposition: wrench,—wrench,—and here I must have fainted, as I have no further recollection of what had happened.

That I am alive at this moment shows that I eventually did escape! When I returned to conciousness, I found myself not in my tent, but at the Sudder station carefully tucked up in bed. The first words, and they were music to my ears, Mr. Editor were from my friend C.—"Thank God, thank God,—he is still alive." My bed was literally covered with blood; my arm carefully bandaged; my head one mass of clotted blood. The sequel is soon told—it was holiday time; we had been making too free over night. I myself was, as the medico gentleman assured me, in such a state of inebriation, that, at one time, there was eminent danger of a fit of apoplexy. Without further ado, he stuck his lancet into my arm, and applied eighteen leeches to my head, and administered a powerful vomit. Hence the bloody bed, and, I suppose the prickly sensation of the thorn jungle; ditto the dreadful sickness.—After this lucid explanation, my reply was "Ramjany, you scamp, are you not devoured? *Belattee pance lao—juldy*." Now, Mr. Editor, never be guilty of over-shikar, in the holidays.—*Bengal Sporting Magazine.*

TEN MINUTES' RUN WITH A WOLF.

It was on a lovely autumnal morning in the month of October, 1832, that I trotted along with a party of right good sportsmen towards the forest of Vilandry, in the South of France. We were bent on unkennelling a grisley old wolf, a regular "Artful Dodger," who had given us the slip on more than one occasion. As we jogged along all in the highest spirits, the laugh and the joke went round, and we were within three miles of the "rendezvous" when we met Old Degrasse, our guard de chasse. The old man was quite out of breath, and pointing to a small covert about a quarter of a mile from the road he exclaimed, "Messieurs! Messieurs! le vieux martin est la—le gros loup que vous avez chassez autrefois, est dans ce petite bois."

Calling a halt each man loaded his "fusee," and after arranging the plan of attack, we were soon near the retreat of our old friend. According to the French custom, each man posted himself at a certain point by the cover-side, and it fell to my lot to be stationed about 150 yards to the left of my old friend the Hon. Martin Hawke, one of the best sportsmen in the world, and as fine a horseman as ever threw his leg over a "pigskin." Old Charles, our huntsman, having given us time to take our posts, uncoupled his hounds, consisting of fourteen couple of the best French and English blood. In a few moments we heard the deep and pleasing notes of Musico, Tonnere, Fannor, and Bravo, backed by the light "whip, whip, whip," of President, Polydore, Mariner, and Merrytass (English dogs). In less than five minutes away stole the wolf at his best pace, with his head down and stern extended, with the fourteen couple close at him, midway between Mr. Hawke and myself. At him we went full tilt; there was no shelter for him within three miles, and acting on the principle that

"He who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day."

he made for the forest at full speed.—The wolf had nearly eighty yards start before we could let our horses out, and my honorable friend was minus his hat and wig before we had gone a mile and a half: nothing daunted in went the "persuaders," and we took hedge and ditch in pursuit, with our guns in hand. till we arrived within a few hundred yards of the point ahead, when the wolf inclined rather to the right, which gave my friend an advantage which his unerring eye at once perceived, and as the wolf sprang over the ditch which separated him from the cover, Mr. Hawke, who was now about thirty yards behind him, at full speed, fired with his right arm extended. The ball took effect immediately above the rectum, and penetrating the body came out at the shoulder, the wolf falling dead on the opposite bank. Long before our brother sportsmen were "up" the neighboring hills had re-echoed our loud "who-whoop! who-whoop!" and they viewed with astonishment the grim monster stretched on the bank, with the hounds tearing and baying around him. I have had the luck to be "in at the death" of many a wolf, but never witnessed a chase so "short, sharp, and decisive" as this.

Notes by a Rough Rider.

The Pyrenian Pony.

The creature I mounted was scarcely larger than one of those fine mountain-goats, whose size and curved horns emulate those of the deer; it was coal-black, with such little legs as seemed incapable of supporting my weight, much less that of the great, heavy guide, from whom I took it. Its movements were so light, so bounding, that from the moment I left the other clumsy animal, I could feel nothing but a sense of exultation as it leaped up the rocky spiral ladder as if rejoicing to show me the scene I was hastening to. I could not think I inflicted pain for my own gratification; and I dare say enjoyed myself as much as any of those lady-tourists who, like "petted children," have been carried by their fellow-mortals over such places in *chaises a porteurs*. The dear little thing! I should like to go to the Port de Venasque again, only for the pleasure of renewing my acquaintance with the black pony.

During an ascent of two hours, it never stopped of its own accord to breathe but once; nor was I ever obliged to dismount. Francois sometimes held its tail; but he was too fond of it to make use of it as a pully to bring himself up the ascent, which was at times so steep as to render the tail and the creature's head nearly vertical

We passed out of Arragon into Catalonia by the Port de Pommereau, ascending still from that of the Picade; and truly I never believed that any horse's feet could pursue such a track—track, indeed, there was none, or traced only by the course of a mountain-torrent. We either decended stairs of rock, or made our way over broken slate and shingle.

It was curious to see the way my little pony acted in the former case. When these rocky steps were to be passed, some of them at least three quarters of a yard in hight, the creature would stand still for a moment, with his head bowed, his intelligent eyes turning from side to side, and his long sharp ears brought forward, and quivering, I suppose from mental exertion, as he reconnoitered the spot and decided on his plan of action.

"Let him go!" the guide would call out: and then, drawing his fore feet together, and placing them with a deliberate resolution on the spot he had selected for a resting-place, he would rest on the stretch for a second or two, until, collecting his powers, with one jerk he brought the hind feet up to the fore; and all I had to do was to bear in mind that *adhesiveness* was the most useful quality I could now display.

Battle between a Rat and a Crab.

The following anecdote was related in 1812 to a respectable individual known to us, by a sailor who witnessed the circumstance. The sailor in company with several persons, at Sunderland, a short time before, perceived a crab which had wandered to the distance of about fifty yards from the water side. An old rat, on the look out for food, sprang from his lurking place and seized the crab, who, in return, raised his forcep claws, and laid fast hold of the assailant's nose, who (when opportunity offered) hastily retired, squeaking a double chant, much surprised, no doubt, at the unexpected reception he had experienced. The crab, finding itself at liberty, retreated, as speedily as crab could do, towards its own element; but after a short space of time, it was arrested in its progress by Mr. Rat, who renewed the contest, and experienced a second embrace from his antagonist. The crab, as before, retreated, bemoaning such violent treatment. Frequent and severe were the attacks; in view of his enemy, the crab always prepared for action by raising its fore paws in fighting attitude. After a bloodless contest of half an hour, the crab, though much exhausted, had nearly reached the sea, when the rat, almost dispairing of conquest, made a last and daring effort to overcome his antagonist, and succeeded (to use the seaman's term) in capsizing his intended victim, a situation of which the rat immediately took advantage, seizing, like an able general, the vanquished prey, and dragging the creature by the hind legs (proceeding backward) into his den. After a short interval, the crab made his escape, and appeared to the spectators, mutilated and deprived of most of his legs; the rat soon followed in pursuit of the fugitive, and forced him back to his den where, no doubt, he regaled his wife and family.

A Novel Race.

"A match of a single mile was made between Mr. Wizer's old Pelham and Mr. Duke's chesnut gelding, for $100 a side—weight at the pleasure of the parties. Mr. W. started Pelham without a rider. The old horse showed his blood and training by his anxiety for the start, which was as conspicuous as if he had been backed by the best jockey in the country. At the tap of the drum he dashed off, evidently aiming to take the track at the first turn, but failing, he declined into a more moderate pace, till fairly entering upon the back stretch, where he made his brush, got ahead, took the track fairly, and again moderated his stride till he entered the last quarter stretch, when a second time he made a desperate brush for the distance of about two hundred yards, when, finding he had the race all to himself, he *pulled himself up*, and came in, looking to the right and left, and winning handsomely in 1·55—passed to the judges' stand, stopped, and turning round with all the majesty of a triumphant hero, started to the stand, (*to report his weight*) and would no doubt have trotted up to it, as he had before done, but for the interference of some spectator, who caught him. The shouts and acclamations were loud, long, and rapturous, for "old Pelham forever."

A Groom and his Duties.

A groom is a chap a gentleman keeps to clean his 'osses, and be blown up when things go wrong. They are generally very conceited consequential beggars, and as they never knows nothing, why the best way is to take them so young that they can't pretend to any knowledge. I always gets mine from the charity schools, and you'll find it very good economy to apply to those that gives the boys leather breeches, as it will save you the trouble of finding him a pair. The first thing to do is to teach him to get up early, and to hiss at every thing he brushes, rubs, or touches. As the leather breeches should be kept for Sundays, you must get him a pair of corduroys, and mind, order them of large size, and baggy behind, for many 'osses have a trick of biting at chaps when they are cleaning them; and it is better for them to have a mouthful of corduroy than a mouthful of the lad, to say nothing of the boy's services during the the time he was laid up.—

Great Shooting.

Two men, Jones and Martin, went deer hunting. After remaining together awhile, they separated, and soon Jones, hearing the report of Martin's gun, went to him. Seeing no game, he asked him if he had shot anything.

"No-o," replied Martin, very carelessly, "didn't shoot anything."

"What did you shoot at?" asked Jones.

Martin seemed confused and avaded a reply. Jones looked around a little and saw a calf grazing a short distance off.

Did you shoot at that calf?" asked Jones.

"Ye-e-s," replied Martin "I shot at it."

"You didn't hit, though," remarked Jones.

"No, I didn't hit it;" and Martin went on to explain. "You see," said he, "I was uncertain whether it was a calf or a deer, and *I shot so as to hit it if it was a deer, and to miss if it was a calf.*"

A WORD FOR THE DUMB CREATION.—If you keep dogs, let them have free access to water, and, if practicable, take them out occasionally into the fields, and let them have an opportunity of swimming whenever you have the chance. If you keep birds, do not as is too commonly practised, expose them in their cages to a hot sun: it is a cruel and fatal mistake.

Election Notice.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
Albany, August 10, 1854.

TO THE SHERIFF OF THE COUNTY of New York.—SIR: Notice is hereby given, that at the General Election to be held in this State on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected to wit.

A Governor, in the place of Horatio Seymour.

A Lieutenant Governor, in the place of Sanford E. Church.

A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Henry Fitzhugh; and

An Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of Henry Storms:

All of whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December.

A Representative in the Thirty-fourth Congress of the United States for the Third Congressional District, composed of the 1st, 2nd, 3d, 5th, and 8th wards, in the city of New York; for the Fourth District, composed of the 4th, 6th, 10th, and the 14th wards of the city of New York; for the Fifth District, composed of the 7th and 13th wards in New York, and the city of Williamsburgh, in Kings County; for the Sixth District, composed of the 11th, 15th, and 17th wards in New York; for the Seventh District, composed of the 9th, 16th, and 20th wards in New York; and for the Eighth District, composed of the 12th, 18th and 19th wards in New York.

COUNTY OFFICERS also to be elected for said County:

Sixteen Members of Assembly;

A Surrogate, in the place of Alexander W. Bradford;

A Recorder, in the place of Francis R. Tillou;

A City Judge, in the place of Welcome R. Beebe;

A Mayor, in place of Jacob A. Westervelt;

A Register, in the place of Garrett Dyckman;

A Commissioner of Streets and Lamps, in the place of George G. Glazier, who was appointed to fill a vacancy caused by the resignation of Henry Arcularius;

A Police Justice for the Second District, in the place of Daniel W. Clarke, who was appointed to fill a vacancy caused by the death of John McGrath;

Two Governors of the Alms House, in the place of Gustavus A. Conover and William Pinkney, appointed to fill vacancies.

A District Attorney, in the place of Lorenzo B. Shepard, who was appointed to fill a vacancy caused by the death of Nathaniel B. Blunt;

A Civil Justice and a Police Justice for the Seventh Judicial District, composed of the 12th, 19th, and 22d wards;

A Police Justice for the Eighth Judicial District, composed of the 16th and 20th wards.

Yours respectfully,
E. W. LEAVENWORTH,
Secretary of State.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE,
New York, Aug. 14, 1854.

The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State, and the requirements of the statute in such cases made and provided.

JOHN ORSER,
Sheriff of the city and county of New York.

All the public newspapers in the county will publish the above once each week until the election, and then hand in their bills for advertising the same, so that they may be laid before the Board of Supervisors, and passed for payment. See Revised Statutes, volume 1, chapter 1, chapter 6, title 3d, article 3d, part 1st, page 140.

JOHN ORSER, *Sheriff.*

DR. GEORGE W. BOND'S VEGETABLE Strengthening Bitters.—The proprietor of this article in offering it to the public, offers it as a medicine that has been used by his father, in an extensive practice of twenty years, with the most wonderful success, being purely vegetable and free from all powerful stimulants. Mild in their operations, they strengthen and invigorate, instead of prostrating the system, allaying all irritability and nervous condition of the system, being a speedy and permanent cure for all diseases arising from a disordered state of the system, as Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Costiveness, Headache, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Palpitation of the Heart, Nocturnal Seminal Emissions, and for all weaknesses of the organs of generation; an antidote for all diseases incident to females, Fluor Albus or Whites, and particularly at that critical period, the turn of life. They give new life and vigor to the whole system. No family that values life and health, should be without them in their house. Persons going on long voyages, will find them an excellent article to take with them, as they are a sure remedy, always giving relief. The great demand for this article at my office, and by the advice of a number of the medical profession, has induced me to put it before the public. A trial of one single bottle will satisfy any person, even the most doubtful, that it is truly what it is represented to be. The above article is put up in half pint bottles, and put in square boxes with full directions, and the manufacturer's name written on each label. Price $1 per bottle. None genuine unless put up in the above manner; and the box goes with the bottle, in all cases. Manufactured and sold by GEORGE R. BOND, M. D.,

Son and Successor to Dr. Geo. W. Bond.

Principal Depot, No. 65 Orchard, cor. of Grand street; and No. 77 Suffolk street, New York.

Wholesale Agent, WILLIAM S. DUNHAM, No. 476 Broadway, white front, between Broome and Grand, New York.

And for sale at all Drug Stores throughout the city. Mar 4

MEDICAL ADVICE.

AND MARRIAGE GUIDE—ELEVENTH Edition, 340 pages, cloth; with nearly seventy-five colored engravings—representing all the diseases of the genital organs of the male and female; the most complete and practical work on the physiological mysteries and revelations of the male and female sexual systems ever published, with the latest experiments and discoveries in Reproduction. It illustrates anatomically and fully with the plates everything pertaining to the male and female genital systems; with a full description of the causes, symptoms and most certain mode of cure of all the infirmities and diseases to which they are liable from the secret habits of youth, and excesses of maturer age, as involuntary loss of Semen and Impotency, and innocent or unforeseen affections, and those resulting from contraction, as Syphilis, (Primary and Constitutional,) Conorrhœa or Blenorrhagia, (Clap) Gleet, Strictures, &c., &c., with numerous certificates of the most unparalleled cures ever performed. Every person, both married and single, should read this work.

Sold by Stringer & Townsend, Dewitt & Davenport; Charles Ring, 192 Barclay-street; Griffith, 374 Grand-street; Chambers, 576 Hudson street; also, at No. 1 Vesey-street, New-York; by L. D. Jones, 54 Warren-street, Trenton, New-Jersey; also, by the author, M. LARMONT, Physician and Surgeon, No. 42 Reade-street, corner of Broadway, New York, formerly from Paris and London, and by country booksellers generally. Price $1, mailed free of postage to any address, securely sealed. Agents wanted in every town. The author cures all the diseases treated on in the work, at his old office, 42 Reade street, corner of Broadway, from 11 A. M. till 2 P. M., and from 6 till 9 in the evening, (Sundays excepted.) N. B.—Not the Drug Store. Address box 844, New-York Post-Office.

SURE CURES AT SMALL COST.

DR. WARD'S UNFORTUNATE'S Friend, and the infallible remedies for certain diseases. Sold at No. 50 Canal street, New York, nowhere else. Universally celebrated throughout the United States, Canada, and Great Britain, for the amazing cures they have performed in the worst cases, after all other aid had miserably failed those afflicted.

Now used for the above virulent disease, and its disastrous train of symptoms, with a success that astonishes the faculty; far surpassing the tardy operation of other remedies, at the same time that they are also milder than those upon the system itself. The reason is that they exert their whole force upon the disease, which is compelled to give way at once, and the patient suffers nothing, as in other instances, from the remedy that relieves him. Thence the fact that these are now approved above all others.

For certainty and celerity they are unapproached, and for an entire eradication of the subtle seeds of venereal disease nothing else can positively be relied upon. Tested we might almost say in millions of cases, and found to be the only reliable anchor.

While these are an immediate sure for the slighter affections, they are a remedy to which the aggravated forms, as difficult to cure by other treatment as a consumption is, yield easily, and indeed at once. The patient has no more difficulty than with a sore finger, instead of being the prey of a loathsome and continually corroding malady. $1 per vial with a book.

Newark, N. J., July 7th, 1853.

DR. WARD: Sir—I had tried the medicines prescribed by seven different physicians before I applied to you. Your medicines cured me in five days. I can never discharge my obligations to you. W. I.

Upwards of 10,000 cases like the above could be referred to. Others talk Dr. Ward's cures. No failures. His charges are moderate, only for the medecine, $15 to guarantee a cure of Gonorrhœa. The same for curing Syphilis, Seminal Weakness, General Debility Impotence, &c.—Those who cannot afford so much, inclose $10, $5, or $1, according to their ability. $1 per vial. Packages sent to all parts of the world. An answer returned the moment a letter is received, medicines accompanying, all contained in a strong box.

A CURE FOR A CERTAIN DISEASE IMMEDIATELY!—By the newly discovered astounding and unparalleled remedies, the most important Medical Invention relative to the Disorders of Modern Times. Admitted to the most wonderful contributions of science to the cure of disease. DR. WARD'S UNFORTUNATE'S FRIEND, and other amazing remedies. Sold at No. 50 Canal street, New York; nowhere else. Now universally celebrated throughout the United States, Canada, and Great Britain, as the easiest, safest, and speediest remedies discovered for those diseases; cure in 12 hours, if the disease is recent, and never requires more than a few days. To terminate and eradicate thoroughly the most obstinate and protracted discharges from the Urethra, no matter how long its continuance or what may have been tried previously.

These Medicines have been hailed by thousands as the greatest boon to humanity. Married persons in this predicament, especially, and all anxious for a cure, are by these Incomparable Remedies, certain of obtaining the same without any delay. A cure guaranteed by their means. Practical directions accompany the Remedies. A Scientific description of the disease is enclosed. $1 per bottle with a book.

CONCLUDING ADVICE TO THE UNFORTUNATE! If you have contracted a certain disease, do not delay a moment, but come, send or write to Dr. Ward, 50 Canal street, New York City. If you want to make sure of a cure, come, send or write. If you are poor, nevertheless, come, send, or write.

In a week after receiving the medicines, my patients write. Dear Doctor, accept my warm felt thanks; your medicines have cured me; they are delightful as well as certain. No danger of discovery by having the remedies sent, as (unless otherwise ordered) they are directed to be kept at the depot till called for. Within one, two or three days after writing to us, according to the distance from New York, the patient will be certain of receiving our reply, and the remedies to cure him at the same time. Then the afflicted will rejoice. The medicines are securely put up in a box, and make a compact and portable package, strong, not liable to damage or to excite curiosity If anything is broken or damaged, by carriage, (which, however, very rarely happens) I invariably make it good when informed of it. No delay in receiving an answer, distance makes no difference. I cure more than 20,000 every year in different cities, and they all receive their medicines through the mails or by express. Ample directions accompany each remedy and article to be used, so that no mistake can be made.

Patients are requested to be concise, and a the same time minute in the relation of their sexual cases, stating age, the disease, and its duration and symptoms, whether any treatment has been adopted, &c., &c. Out of thousands of letters sent to us annually, by mail, no one has miscarried to our knowledge. Money enclosed in letters is perfectly safe, and is sure to reach us. Letters should be post-paid, and directed to Dr. Thomas Ward, No. 50 Canal street, one door from Broadway, New York.

VICTIMS OF DISEASE.

YOU CANNOT BE TOO CAREFUL IN the selection of a physician or a remedy in these cases. You should apply to a man who has had ample experience and that possesses true skill in the treatment thereof. Such a physician is Dr. Hunter, he lays his claims on the following facts, which can be proven at any moment,

He has been in active practice over 25 years, in this city, and has established the Hunterian Dispensary, 3 Division street, in 1833, exclusively for the treatment of certain diseases, and has devoted all his abilities during all that time, to this branch of medecine only. His great remedy, Hunter's Red Drop, is a medecine perfectly innocent in its action, yet so thorough that it annihilates every particle of the rank and poisonous virtus of this dreaful disease; and on this account alone it was first made public, that unlike all other remedies, it does not dry up the disease in the blood, to break out at a remote period all over the body, or to transmit to the offspring.

It has been counterfeited and slandered more than any medecine of any kind ever brought before the public—knowing that unless they deter the fortunate from obtaining it, their prospects for patronage is gone. The Hunterian Dispensary is conducted on the most honorable principles. No man is required to sign a register of names, or asked who or what he is. Doctor Hunter's business is to cure his patients, and no one knows but the patients and himself that they ever met professionally. He desires young men attached to respectable families, and who are led astray by the numerous temptations of a city life to understand this. He has refused more certificates of cures from persons who had been unsuccessfully treated by other Physicians, than would fill the largest newspaper in the world a dozen times over. apr15 3m

GRATIS!

Just Published—A New Discovery in Medicine.

A FEW WORDS ON THE RATIONAL Treatment, without Medicine, of Spermatorrhea, or Local Weakness, Nervous Debility, Low Spirits, Lassitude, Weakness of the Limbs and the Back, Indisposition and Incapacity for Study and Labor, Dullness of Apprehension, Loss of Memory, Aversion to Society, Love of Solitude, Timidity, Self-Distrust, Dizziness, Head-Ache, Involuntary Discharges, Pains in the side, Affection of the Eyes, Pimples on the Face, Sexual and other Infirmities in Man.

From the French of Dr. B. De Laney:

The important fact that these alarming complaints may be easily removed WITHOUT MEDICINE, is, in this small tract, clearly demonstrated and the entirely new and highly successful treatment, as adopted by the Author, fully explained, by means of which every one is enabled to cure himself perfectly and at the least possible cost, avoiding, thereby, all the advertised nostrums of the day.

Sent, to any address, gratis and post free, in a sealed envelope, by remitting (post paid) two postage stamps to Dr. B. De Laney, or Box 109 Broadway Post Office, New York.

$500 REWARD.—JEFFRIES' ANTIDOTE, a Specific Mixture for the cure of Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Strictures and similar disorders. It makes a speedy cure, without the least restriction of diet, drink, exposure, or change in application to business. The proprietor challenges a single case which he mixture will not cure, under the forfeiture of five hundred dollars. Further—the disease cannot be contracted if a dose of the mixture is taken when exposed. It is put in bottles, with full directions, at $1. One bottle lasts a week—many are cured in two days. For sale by C. H. RING, 192 Broadway: 108 Bayard st. fl1 3mos

MOLINEAUX HOUSE,

SPORTING HEAD-QUARTERS,

METROPOLITAN SHADES, 144 CONwood street, Brooklyn. Public Sparring every Monday and Friday evening.

N. B. Private Lessons given in Sparring.

The French Lunar Pills

TO FEMALES EXCLUSIVELY.

THE FRENCH LUNAR PILLS MAY BE OBTAINED by applying either personally or by letter at No 83 SOUTH MAIN STREET, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

These CELEBRATED PILLS are safe and certain remedies for all SUPPRESSIONS OF IRREGULARITIES, and also for other delicate diseases peculiar to females both married and single. The Pills possess a remarkable power, and when taken according to directions, produce the most surprising yet gratifying results.

☞ A competent medical adviser will always be in attendance to wait on those who wish for a CONFIDENTIAL CONSULTATION. ☜

We wish to say a few words in relation to the above named PILLS, as by so doing we may benefit a large number of females who now may be suffering for the want of a remedy for one of the most distressing complaints peculiar to their sex Suppression of the MONTHLY TURNS are now very common to all classes of FEMALES, but more especially to those working in the shops and mills, and when such obstructions have taken place it is no trifling matter to find a REMEDIES that will remove the difficulty

We are satisfied that in a majority of cases of this complaint the FRENCH LUNAR PILLS are the only medicine that can be relied on, at the same time not exposing the patient to danger; we can therefore conscientiously recommend them to all who may be suffering or require their use. There are many medicines now advertised for similar purposes, but it is needless for us to say to any one who has used them that they are worse than useless.

The following statement will be sufficient to satisfy any one. They are from respectable persons:—

DR. CUDWORTH,

Sir—Having occasion to use some medicines for SUPPRESSIONS, I went to a certain doctor to purchase a box of pills, (purporting to be females pills) and paid him $10. I took the medicine, or rather poison, (for so it proved to be) according to his directions, and soon found myself in the most violent pain, attended with spasms and fever, which continued to grow worse until I took an emetic, which alone saved my life, yet I had not gained the object for which I took the medicine. A lady who waited on me said she had used your FRENCH "LUNAR PILLS," and they answered her purpose fairly

She advised me try to them, and accordingly I wish you would send me what you think sufficient for my case.

The medicine was accordingly sent, with a request that the lady might communicate the result In less than a week the following letter was received from the lady's husband:—

DR. CUDWORTH,

Dear Sir—The REMEDIES which you sent us on the 17th has had the DESIRED EFFECT. My wife's OBJECT is ACCOMPLISHED

A lady says "they answered my case finely," a gentleman in Pawtucket, R. I., whose lady had used the FRENCH LUNAR PILLS, says, "they are the most wonderful medicine I ever knew". A lady in Bristol, R. I., recently said, "I believe that the FRENCH LUNAR PILLS saved my life, for I tried everything I could think or hear of." The above facts are given only for the right information of the public.

Ladies, we would now offer one word of

CAUTION